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ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

OF the various sovereigns who have successively swayed the sceptre of power, there is not one whose public and private character is more interesting in itself; nor one who has more contributed to the glory and real happiness of the nation that she ruled, than Elizabeth, Queen of England. The prudence, sagacity, and success, by which her measures were planned and attended, the advancement of her people in prosperity and knowledge, and the diffusion of learning and liberty among them, render the reign of this princess especially memorable and illustrious, amid the annals of England's glory.

The political events of Elizabeth's reign, are so generally known, that we shall omit touching upon them, any further than as they stand connected with, or serve to illustrate, her private character; and shall only so far give the history of the sovereign, as that history develops the opinions, principles, and conduct of the individual.

Elizabeth, daughter of King Henry VIII. and his queen, Anne Boleyn, was born at the royal palace of Greenwich, in Kent, on the 7th Sept. 1533. She was destined to bear the auspicious name of Elizabeth, in memory of her grandmother, that heiress of the House of York, whose marriage with the Earl of Richmond, then Henry VII. had united the Roses, and given lasting peace to a country so long rent by civil discord. The ceremony of her christening was sumptuous and splendid, in the extreme, and was intended by the king to attest the importance attached to this new member of the Royal Family.

The personal history of Elizabeth may truly be said to begin with her birth; for she had scarcely entered her second year, when her marriage, that never-accomplished object, which for half a century afterwards inspired so many vain hopes, and was the subject of so many fruitless negotiations, was already proposed as an article of a treaty between France and England.

The divorce and death of her mother soon reduced the little Elizabeth to a very precarious and equivocal condition; an act of Parliament having declared her incapable of succeeding to the crown, which was settled on the offspring of Henry by Jane Seymour. The queen had commended herself to the nation, and to the court, by the uncommon sweetness of her disposition, and the little Elizabeth had received from her marks of a maternal tenderness. The death of the queen, and that of her royal father, did not materially affect Elizabeth's safety or comfort, as she had ever grown up with the most tender and affectionate feelings towards the young king, her brother. The fall of Seymour, however unjustifiable the means, deserves to be recorded as one of those signal escapes with which the life of Elizabeth so remarkably abounds. Her attachment for him, certainly the earliest, was perhaps also the strongest, impression of the tender kind, which her heart was destined to receive; and it is probable that, notwithstanding her characteristic caution, it might not much longer have been in her power to recede with honour, or even, if the designs of Seymour had prospered, with safety.

The fall of Seymour, and the disgrace and danger in which she had herself been involved, afforded to Elizabeth a severe but useful lesson: and the almost total silence of history respecting her during the remainder of her brother's reign, affords satisfactory indication of the extreme caution with which she now conducted herself.

This silence, however, is agreeably supplied by documents of a more private nature, which inform us of her study, her acquirements, the disposition of her time, and the bent of her youthful mind.

Writing in 1550, to his friend John Sturmius, the worthy and erudite rector of the protestant university of Strasburgh, Elizabeth's tutor, Roger Ascham, has the following passages:—

“The Lady Elizabeth has accomplished her sixteenth year;

and so much solidity of understanding, such courtesy, united with dignity, have never been observed at so early an age. She has the most ardent love of true religion, and of the best kind of literature. The constitution of her mind is exempt from female weakness, and she is endued with a masculine power of application. No apprehension can be quicker than her's, no memory more retentive. French and Italian she speaks like English; Latin, with fluency, propriety, and judgment; she also spoke Greek with me, frequently, willingly, and moderately well. Nothing can be more elegant than her hand-writing, whether in the Greek or Roman character. In music she is very skilful, but does not greatly delight. With respect to personal decoration, she greatly prefers a simple elegance to show and splendour."

The talents of Elizabeth, her vivacity, her proficiency in those classical studies, to which he was, himself, addicted, and, especially, the attachment which she manifested to the reformed religion, endeared her exceedingly to the young king, her brother, who was wont to call her, perhaps with reference to the sobriety of dress and manners, by which she was then distinguished, his sweet sister Temperance. On her part, his affection was met by every demonstration of sisterly tenderness, joined to those delicate attentions and respectful observances which his rank required.

The death of Edward, and the accession of Mary, produced a great change in the circumstances and condition of Elizabeth. Her hostility to the Catholic religion, was, in Mary's estimation, ample justification for the adoption of measures by which the very personal safety of her sister was endangered. Upon pretext of her holding secret correspondence with foreign powers, she was committed to the Tower, attended by the Earl of Sussex, and three of her own ladies. Several characteristic traits of her conduct on this occasion have been preserved. On reaching her melancholy place of destination, she long refused to land at Traitors' Gate; and when the uncourteous nobleman declared "that she should not choose," offering her, however, at the same time, his cloak to protect her from the rain, she retained enough of her high spirit to put it from her, "with a good dash." As she set her feet on the ill-omened stairs, he said, "Here landeth as true a subject, being a prisoner,

as ever landed at these stairs; and before thee, O God! I speak it, having no other friend but thee alone."

On seeing a number of warders and other attendants drawn out in order, she asked "What meaneth this?" Some one answered, that it was customary on receiving a prisoner. "If it be," said she, "I beseech you that, for my cause, they may be dismissed." Immediately the poor men kneeled down, and prayed God to preserve her; for which action they all lost their places the next day. Going a little further, she sat down on a stone to rest herself; and the lieutenant urging her to rise and come in out of the cold and wet, she answered, "Better sitting here than in a worse place, for God knoweth whither you bring me." On hearing these words, her gentleman-usher wept, for which she reproved him; telling him, he ought rather to be her comforter, especially since she knew her own truth to be such, that no man should have cause to weep for her. Then rising, she entered the prison, and its gloomy doors were locked and bolted on her. Shocked and dismayed, but still resisting the weakness of unavailing lamentation, she called for her book, and devoutly prayed that she might "build her house upon the rock."

The confinement of the Princess in the Tower, had purposely been rendered as irksome and comfortless as possible. It was not till after a month's close imprisonment, by which her health had suffered severely, that she obtained, after many difficulties, permission to walk in the royal apartments; and this under the constant inspection of the constable of the Tower and the lord-chamberlain, with the attendance of three of the queen's women; the windows also being shut, and she not permitted to look out at them. Afterwards, she had liberty to walk in a small garden, the gates and doors being carefully closed; and the prisoners, whose rooms looked into it, being at such time closely watched by their keepers, to prevent the interchange of any words or signs with the Princess. Even a child of five years old, belonging to some inferior officer in the Tower, who was wont to cheer her by his daily visits, and to bring her flowers, was suspected of being employed as a messenger between the Princess and the Earl of Devonshire; and notwithstanding the innocent simplicity of his answers to the lord chamberlain, by whom he was strictly examined,

he was ordered to visit her no more. The next day, the child peeped in through a hole of the door as she walked in the garden, crying out, "Mistress, I can bring you no more flowers," for which, it seems, his father was severely chidden, and ordered to keep his boy out of the way.

All these severities failed, however, of their intended effect: neither sufferings nor menaces could bring the Princess to acknowledge herself guilty of offending even in thought against her sovereign and sister; and as the dying asseverations of Wyatt had fully acquitted her in the eyes of the country, it became evident that her detention in the Tower could not much longer be persisted in.

Yet the habitual jealousy of Mary's government, and the apparent danger of furnishing a head to the Protestants, rendered desperate by her cruelties, forbade the entire liberation of the Princess; and it was resolved to adopt, as a middle course, the expedient, sanctioned by many examples, in that age, of committing her to the care of certain persons, who should be answerable for her safe-keeping either in their own houses or at some one of the royal seats. Lord Williams of Thame, and Sir Henry Beddingfield, captain of the guard, were accordingly joined in commission for the execution of this delicate and important trust.

In the midst of her gloomy apprehensions, the Princess was surprised by an offer from the highest quarter, of immediate liberty, on condition of her accepting the hand of the Duke of Savoy, in marriage.

Oppressed, persecuted, and a prisoner, sequestered from every friend and counsellor, guarded day and night by soldiers, and in hourly dread of some attempt upon her life, it must have been confidently expected that the young Princess would embrace, as a most joyful and fortunate deliverance, this unhopd-for proposal; and by few women, certainly, under all the circumstances, would such expectations have been frustrated.

But the firm mind of Elizabeth was not thus to be shaken, nor her penetration deceived. She saw that it was banishment which was held out to her in the guise of marriage; she knew that it was her reversion of an independent English crown, which she was required to barter for the matrimonial coronet of a foreign dukedom;—and she felt the proposal as, what in truth it was,—an injury in disguise. Fortunately

for herself and her country, she had the magnanimity to disdain the purchase of present ease and safety at a price so disproportionate; and returning to the overture a modest but decided negative, she prepared herself to endure with patience and resolution the worst that her enraged and baffled enemies might dare against her.

No sooner was her refusal of the offered marriage made known, than orders were given for her immediate removal into Oxfordshire.

We possess many particulars relative to the captivity of Elizabeth at Woodstock. In some of them we may recognise that spirit of exaggeration which the anxious sympathy excited by her sufferings at the time, and the unbounded adulation paid to her afterwards, were certain to produce: others bear all the characters of truth and nature.

It is certain, that her present residence, though less painful, and especially less opprobrious, than imprisonment in the Tower, was yet a state of rigorous constraint, and jealous inspection, in which she was haunted with cares and fears which robbed her youth of its bloom and vivacity, and her constitution of its vigour.

Under such circumstances we may give easy belief to the touching anecdote, that "she, hearing upon a time, out of her garden at Woodstock, a milkmaid singing pleasantly, wished herself a milkmaid too; saying that her case was better, and her life merrier than hers."

(To be concluded in our next.)

PROMOTION.

In 1781, a striking instance occurred, of the attention which his Majesty paid to the services and rewards of his servants. Lord Amherst, presenting to the king a packet of army commissions, for his signature, his Majesty, on looking over the list, observed an officer appointed captain over an old lieutenant; and enquiring the reason, was answered by his lordship, "He cannot buy." The name struck the King, and before he signed the commissions, he turned to one of those large folios, of which he had a number, in his own handwriting; and presently finding the name of the lieutenant, and some memorandums of his private life, he immediately ordered him to be promoted to the vacant company.

CHEROKEAN TRADITION.

(Concluded from page 199.)

"WHAT is the reason that I find your wife and children unclothed, and the copper empty?" asked Moniton.

"Oh! the evil genius that besets my paths," replied Webe-met, "ever prevents my endeavours to provide properly for them. I do not, however, neglect to offer him, daily, my first appo-wygem, on the rising of the sun."

"Have you seen this evil genius?"

"No, never."

"Then, how can you tell if he exists or not?"

"How can I be mistaken, when I have seen, forty-two separate times, the snow-storms destroy our wigwams; the ice on the rivers has forced away our canoes, and when we have been engaged in the chase, herds of wolves have sometimes carried off our wives and children; epidemic disorders have infected our villages, and have taken off half the inhabitants; storms and hurricanes have thrown down our trees, and fire from heaven has consumed them! Why was it necessary that man should meet misfortune in all he attempts to undertake?"

"To what do you compare Misfortune?" said Moniton; "and do you never meet him in travelling?"

"No, I never have: it would be a difficult thing to catch a creature, who is so dextrous, that, like the squirrel, he ever escapes us and apparently conceals himself behind the trees. If I could see him, I would put an end to his existence; he is the only enemy that I wish to feed upon, he has so frequently made me fast!"

"Then you do not eat, like the men of your tribe, the flesh of those that fall in war by your tomahawk?"

"I do not."

"And what is your reason for being so singularly forbearing?"

"If I were to tell you, I am afraid you would laugh at me."

"Oh! you may boldly confide in me; I do not belong to your country, and you need not apprehend my betraying you to your tribe."

"Well then, I will hide nothing from you on this subject. Whenever I have been pressed with hunger, and felt dis-

posed to satisfy it, like my neighbours, I cannot avoid questioning myself in the following manner—

“ ‘How canst thou, Webemet, make a meal of a tongue like thine: and a heart that would have been beloved by a wife and children? and also drink the broth made from the flesh of a man, that, had he been born on this side of the river, might have been thy neighbour! perhaps thy friend!—The wolf never eats the wolf, nor the fox the fox, but thou, man! will not hesitate to murder, eat, and feast on thy own kind! hatred and vengeance ought to satisfy thee.—When thou art hungry, hunt in the woods for the *osikomeh*, *wattatowah*, or the *wasmashme*—roast them in ashes or boil them in water; they will supply the necessities of thyself, and family.’ These are the reflections which arise in my mind every time an enemy is taken, and my companions prepare to divide the dead body; but they turn my repugnance into ridicule, and consider me weak and pusillanimous, like a *nishy-norby*, who, having obtained a victory, knows not how to enjoy it; and these reproaches all tend to render me more melancholy and miserable.”

“Are you not a warrior, like your countrymen?”—asked Moniton.

“Exactly the same, and when an enemy passes the river Wenowee, to attack our villages, at the peril of my life I would defend the honour of my tribe, and my family; but when I wilfully assault my fellow-man, it is another thing, and I feel it opposing to my nature to join the combat; this occasions food for laughter, and they even pursue me to my wigwam, where I remain immovable as the rock.”

“Then no distress, however great, has yet prevailed on you to feed on human flesh?”

“I can truly say, never!—When I am not fortunate in hunting and fishing, I live on roots, like these which are before you; and, provided my family can eat them, I am content.”

“It was a happy moment for thee, Webemet, that made me thy companion!—The roots which have nourished you shall at last produce fruit: the hour of retribution is at hand: which of the following states do you prefer—to wait for death, whose time is uncertain; but which delivers you from the burthens of life, and gives you joys unchangeable and eternal in spiritual existence?—or would you rather choose hap-

piness on earth, and be freed immediately from all the pains and troubles in this world?"

"Alas!" replied Webemet, "what can you perform, who are born of a woman like myself?"

"Make your choice," said Moniton.

"Spiritual happiness in a country quite unknown to me! pray is it very distant from here?"

"Yes; it is very far off."

"Why cannot I remove immediately?"

"Because the time is not come. The other country is almost adjoining your own."

"Do they die of hunger when they are unsuccessful in the chase, or in fishing, and do men make war upon each other, as we do here?" farther demanded Webemet.

"No; there is nothing but peace and abundance abounding; it is a most delightful country!"

These words made the heart of poor Webemet to leap with joy, and he instantly said—

"Well, stranger, if thou canst accomplish what thou hast said, fulfil thy promise; for I am weary of misery, and subsisting on roots."

"I will most certainly make good my promise, and conduct you and your family to an isle, in the Stormy-lake; but before I conclude my communication, you must prostrate yourself before me."

"I prostrate myself before thee, who art my fellow-creature!"

"I am only so externally."

"What art thou then?" exclaimed the Indian with earnestness and wonder.

"Hast thou never contemplated, in the silence of night, the glory of the firmament, and that of the shining stars, which enlighten and animate millions of worlds like thine, though invisible to you, and which revolve in the immensity of space?—Hast thou never admired the radiant sun, rising in wonderful magnificence at the beginning of the day, and setting in glorious majesty, apparently losing itself in the water of the lake? In walking, hast thou never involuntarily looked with love and admiration at the amazing beauties and variety of living nature?—Hast thou never asked, who it was that gave the spring of life, and the freshness of eternal youth, to all things, and

out of the greatest ruins to animate and reproduce?—Know then, Webemet! that I am that living, universal principle; judge of my power and goodness, when without me nothing could exist; the order, on which depends the universe and the equilibrium of its vast balance, would be quickly disengaged—The sun would lose its light, and matter would soon return to chaos and eternal night!”

Deeply affected with what he heard, Webemet humbly and tremblingly threw himself at the feet of Agen-Kitchee-Moniton. He had scarcely touched the ground, when the dark clouds which had obscured the sun, were dispersed; the howling wind ceased; the cries of animals, the humming of insects, the song of birds, were no longer heard, and the silence of primitive nature descended on the earth; when its great animator continued:

“Since you prefer to hasten the moment of your happiness, rather than to wait for the great day of retribution, it is necessary that you cease to be man:”

“What!—Cease to be what I am! what dost thou intend to do with me?”

“Question me no more; I only ask thee, if thou wilt consent?”

“I do consent, do what thou wilt.”

“In order that thou mayest be free from vain and frivolous thoughts, it is requisite that speech should be taken from you. Do you agree to this privation?”

“If I am deprived [of the power of speech, how can I possibly converse with my neighbours, my wife, and children, who are so dear to me?”

“I only demand your approval or not.”

“Thy goodness and power can only be exercised for my benefit, therefore do that which thou judgest best.”

“The loss of speech shall be succeeded by more simple events, that will be as useful and expressive, though less diversified than words, you will be able to act in concert in all your enterprises; you will, as now, feel all the pleasures of love and parental and conjugal felicity, as well as sobriety, temperance, and chastity. In your old age, your children will respect and love you, and give you their assistance. Joy and happiness will hold the place of sense and pain. You will have the power of conceiving and executing well all the projects neces-

sary to the welfare of yourself and family, and for this your memory, foresight, and judgment must be retained. You shall enjoy all the several qualities that bring with them repose and peace. Misfortune shall never again cross your paths, thou shalt love and enjoy life without illness or infirmities; thy appetites, desires, and taste shall always be moderate. Pillage and war thou shalt still hold in abhorrence; thy purified hands shall no longer be stained with blood, and thou and thy posterity shall be freed from enemies, until this isle be known to other men. You will know how to build, and will understand the raising and carrying of water; with the help of your family you may construct a large and commodious house, which you will fix upon the waters. You will possess arms of defence, without a wish to use them. Tranquillity and peace, in a quiet retreat, will be your possession, and the fur which covers you will enable you to live either under the water or on the ground. A soft and tranquil light will fully recompense the absence of reason, which has only perplexed and led you into a maze of error; conducted by this new gift, which will never change, you will be happy without inquietude; wise, without the experience of sorrow; foreseeing, without presumption; and thoughtful, though contented. Death alone can destroy this light. If ever you should regret the loss of reason, you will soon console yourself by reflecting on the many errors you are delivered from; illusions and faults, and all the misery of despair, the transports of delirium and vengeance, those shameful passions of the mind, together with the extravagance of anger and madness; these, Webemet, will never again be inmates of thy bosom; you will never again be sensible to the pain and vexation to which those passions give birth. I have now presented you with the basis of your future happiness, a happiness which thou justly deservest, from thy previous sufferings and severe abstinence. What dost thou think of all this? I command you to speak."

"All-powerful as thou art, why should it be necessary that, before I am happy, I must cease to be what I am?—Hast thou eternally decreed that man shall never know felicity?—thou!—the creator and organiser of matter!—the soul and life of the world! shew forth thy goodness, and Webemet and his whole race may be happy! Before the creation of man, thou must necessarily have foreseen his destiny.—Why didst thou give—

But ere the speech was concluded, by a sudden transformation, appeared the first family of *lermites* or beavers. After contemplating a long time, this last emblem of his creative power, the *chêf-d'œuvre* of his almighty hand, Moniton vanished from the earth, and has not been known to have ever again visited his creation.

The commands of Agen-Kitchee-Moniton were instantly obeyed, and this family of beavers instinctively began to construct a dyke, in order to gather the waters of the first *ri-vulet* that it met on the isle, in the stormy lake, where Webemet and his wife and children found themselves transplanted. On this dyke they built a large house, convenient and suited to all their purposes; and Webemet, at last, knew peace and plenty; for this isle, when unknown to man, was covered with a great number of willows, alders, and birch. Sometimes tears were shed by this family; but they were rather those of joy than sorrow.

When collected together upon the border of the water, Webemet would often relate his ancient days of war, famine, and misfortunes. The memory of his former state as man, was granted to him, as a peculiar favour, by Moniton, and which ceased in the first generation.

After many snow-storms had been witnessed by the old Castor Webemet, he died in the arms of his children, and, according to the promise of Agen-Kitchee Moniton, his posterity were happy; until the happiness they enjoyed, had so much augmented their numbers, that many families were forced to form new establishments, upon the borders of the lake, whence they extended themselves over all the northern parts of the continent, until man, the enemy of all that exists! declared war against them, and with their fine fur covered his nakedness: but he had some respect for their divine original, and even to this day, whenever the hunters meet an establishment of beavers, they always suffer a certain number to escape.

Translated by Adrian O'Harrach, Interpreter to the King of the Cherokeean language, a resident at Sinica, situated on the river Kewwee.

NORRY ORMOND;

An Irish Tale.

(Concluded from page 213.)

THE cavalcade now approached; every eye eagerly fixed on the new rector—all anxious to get a view of their new master. He was mounted upon a fine spirited horse, and appeared to be full of activity and animation. He was in conversation with Mr. O'Connor and Father John, who rode one on either side of him. He appeared about five-and-thirty, with an intelligent countenance.—His air was graceful, and there was something in his mien and figure, not to be described, that denoted he was descended from a noble line of ancestry. He smiled, and bowed to the people who accompanied him, looking as happy as the happiest of the party. Having alighted at the gate, several men rushed forward to hold his horse: he seemed unwilling to discourage any of them, but good-humouredly said, "Thank you, thank you, my good friends." They had almost quarrelled to decide who should lead this noble animal to the stable.—One admired the bridle, and another the saddle; one wondered that he had no holsters nor pistols, like the last rector; another declared, that the saddle-cloth was quite a picture, and the *natest* thing in the three kingdoms; while all were of opinion, that when the master was upon his back, he was the finest caparisoned horse in the whole country. Arrived upon the lawn, he was introduced to the ladies, and to the neighbouring gentry; he received their congratulations with affability and ease, and expressed himself gratified by the manner in which he had been welcomed to Lehan.—He declared himself highly pleased at seeing the children of the school, and looked with evident satisfaction at the cordiality that subsisted between the two parish priests.—"This," said he, taking each by the hand, "this is my delight; I will never separate the link that unites you together in this work of Christian piety; you shall both be my friends also.

"But where is my humble friend, my preserver?" he hastily enquired; "I must see him ere we part: ladies," said he, "you will pardon my anxiety to see this poor fellow, he saved my life coming from England; he expressed himself very earnest to pro-

ceed on his journey, having a wife and family, whom he left in great distress; he cannot be prevailed on to remain with us and enjoy our festivity, even for one night." Just as Mr. Bennet had finished speaking, the servant announced that the man abroad begged leave to *spake* a word or two to his honour." "Walk in, walk in," said every one at once, "let us see the man, to whom we are all so indebted." In walked a tall, thin fellow, with sharp eyes, and an intelligent, but very care-worn countenance; he bowed to the ground several times, and hoped his honour would not take it amiss, that he wanted first to take *lave* of him, and trusted it would be no disparagement to them ladies just to put his honour in the way to find his cabin, as his honour volunteered to look in upon [them, to see what condition they were in: which, to be sure, he would find was bad enough; no better than the *bastes* of the field in England, to say nothing of their poor people, where the poor people were never really poor, being never destitute and without a friend to help them. "And now, I hopes your honour won't forget all them good things that you vowed to do, when you was in the ship, tossing about upon the seas, and talking so cleverly to the other gentlemen, who told you so much about your own country, that you never heard before in all your life; nor that never entered into your mind.—'Twas that, that won my heart, your honour, when I fixed my eyes upon you, and you looked so pitiful at all them melancholy stories, and I was sure you was coming to do good for the country in which you was born:—"And O," says I to myself, "if he could see Norry so sick, and the starving *childer*, and *ould* Pat and the mother that bore me, all sinking, without the bit of victuals or the morsel to *ate*—'tis then," says I, "he'd take notice of us and *serve* us."

"'Tis Darby Ormond, 'tis Darby Ormond," cried Miss O'Connor.—"Faith, and sure, 'tis, Miss," replied the man; "'tis Darby Ormond himself, that stands before ye;—and will ye *plaze* to tell his honour where the Bog lies, so that he'll find us out."—"Why, Darby," said Father John, "how is it you don't remember me?"—"O Lord, forgive me for overlooking your reverence all this while; but I'm so bothered with the sickness, and the coming all the way from Cork, and the great doings here, and the desire to get to the *childers*, and all them at home, that I was never thinking of Father John, at all, at all, and sure, 'tis never in this house I thought to see your honour

made so much of, among the ladies and the clargy.—If the *ould* man's ghost could come here, he'd fight your honours down-right; to see the papist priest close at his elbow; for he never could bear the likes of them to look upon him: and for that, there was no love lost between them; for Father Luke, God bless him, would rather meet the devil than come *athart* his honour any day."—"But things are quite changed now," said Miss O'Connor, "we all love and respect one another; and Father John and my brother are good friends, and never better pleased than when they meet each other." "Lord love you, miss," said Darby, "how it does one good to hear you *spake* so kindly.—There now, that's what won my heart to the master on board the vessel; and to be sure you're very like his honour! and I'd go to the world's end to *sarve* you both." "You have proved your good will to me, Darby," said Mr. Bennet. "And now," said Miss O'Connor, "I am going to prove your good will to me.—I must insist upon your staying among us this night."—Here Darby looked to the right and to the left; he twirled his hat round and round, he lifted up one leg, and then another, and put them down again.—He trembled like a leaf, and casting up his eyes in a pitiful manner, sighed most heavily. "Faith, and 'tis I, that deserves to be taken in, and made stand like a fool and a culprit before ye all; to be making vows to any one but my own lawful wife Norry;—and what will become of her, if she hears I'm here, a divarting myself all the while she's in trouble, because I'm far away from her and the *childers*.—O, your honour won't bind me to it, when I tells ye 'twill be the very death of her, every inch; and she'll never look upon me again, but believe I'm one of them white-boy men that goes about the country after no good." Just at this moment in walked Miss O'Connor with Darby's two children, whom she had' gone out in search of, and who were on the lawn with the school. Darby's dismay was now succeeded by astonishment. He could hardly believe his eyes. He caught them in his arms, and kissed them by turns, looking at them as though he could hardly believe they were his; he burst into tears, and stealing up to Father John, whispered him, "where have they lajd her, poor soul? 'twas not to be wondered at she died of the trouble; left all alone there with the *ould* people and the *childers*: and no victuals at all to support life in any of them.—O yea, O yea,

why did I *lave* her at all, at all?" "Be comforted," said Father John, "things are not half so bad as you imagine. With the ladies' leave, you and I will withdraw, and I will tell you what will, I am sure, make you happy." "No! your reverence! no, I'll never be happy no more.—'Tisn't for Darby to be happy, now she's gone. I, feel now, if I was to see the *ould* people, I'd burst for grief to think of her that's gone before them.—I saw all the *natest* girls in England, with them bonnets on their heads, and them pattens a lifting them out of the dirt, and I never saw one that walked so well as she did, and that put her foot to the ground so *clane* and so clever;—and 'twas she that could wash the man's shirt and mend it, and make it, and that boiled the *praties* and washed the *childer*."—Just as he spake thus, they arrived at the park-gate, and who should Father John espy at the door of the gardener's house, but Norry, who was hurrying out, after giving vent to her overcharged heart. We will not attempt to detail the particulars of the meeting between these two faithful individuals. Suffice it to say, it was every thing that affection and feeling could express. The children jumped round them, crying out, "Daddy's come back—Daddy's come back again.—O mammy, mammy, tell him all about the school, and the cabin, and the pig." After an hour spent in mutual explanations, Norry, with a light heart, proposed going back to the lawn, and taking a sight of all that was going on above on the hill, and there she and Darby arrived just as the musicians were commencing "Haste to the Wedding;" at which Darby, whose feelings had been so variously aroused, during the day, began to express his extreme delight, and declared, that with Norry's leave, he'd dance a jig to his favourite air:—"and sure 'tis I that is married to night! for I mourned for her like one dead a little while ago, and 'tis now I'm come to obey the young lady, who said, I must stay here this evening and entertain the company.—When his honour has dined, I'll shew Norry to him, for she's as fine a *creather* as any in the three kingdoms; and Norry, don't forget to recommend yourself to his honour's notice by telling him all about Miss O'Connor, and what an angel she is; and how you were lost in the bog; and at death's door, until she placed you in the snug little bit of a cabin below at the bottom of the hill; and put the clothes on your back, and the *praties* in the pot, and the pig in the sty.—Lord love her,

and make her happy all the days of her life, and good luck to her wherever she goes." The music now struck up, the children began to skip about the lawn, and some of them formed into parties, and danced their native jigs, with a grace that would have adorned St. James's. The ladies now appeared, and shortly after the gentlemen were seen approaching. Darby, whose soul was alike alive to joy and song, now gambolled about with undissembled delight. He introduced Norry to Mr. Bennet, and detailed all her sufferings in the cabin upon the bog, until she was discovered by Miss O'Connor, who crowned all her generosity by giving her and Molly a wheel each, so that now they would be beholden to no one for support, no, not to his honour, nor his honour's honour.—Mr. Bennet assured him, that Miss O'Connor had given him a faithful account of the miserable situation she was in, and that it fully corroborated the statement he had made; so that now there was no necessity for his riding over to see the spot, and that he was only anxious to know in what way he could serve him and his family, and make him some small return for his preservation of his life; for" added he, "I have just been giving an account of our adventures to the company, and you deserve, not only my warmest thanks, but my best services." Faith, and your honour's too kind to me, that's all I can say of the matter; and if your honours wants to *serve* us outright, you'll not be for going away from us, like all the other great land-owners round about, and *laving* us to them proctors to *persecute* us, and starve us, and sell us up for the sake of the bit of dung.—But you'll set down in the midst of your *tinantry*, and make choice of a wife that will help you to look after them; and I'll lay my life for it, they'll stick to your honour to a man, and never let none of them united men come to you; and you need never fear, by night nor by day; nor put up them baracaders, as they calls 'em; nor be pressing them for the rent; but they'll be proud to put it in your honour's hand, and see the smile upon your honour's face; and when you've the train of *childers* of your own, following your footsteps upon the country, up and down, you'll be like Darby himself this night, with your lawful wife beside you; and the happiest man in the land may envy ye." "Very good advice, my faithful friend," said Mr. Bennet, "many true words said in jest; I am not above taking good advice, Darby, and if I had not already made up my mind to live here among

you all, I think you would have convinced me it was the best plan. However, for your comfort, I tell you, I am quite willing to stay here, and trust to my tenantry for protection.” “And marry?” said Darby impatiently. “Why, as to that part of your advice, Darby, that you know does not depend on me.” “And, why not, your honour? see now, how easily ’tis settled, for the matter of that.—’Tis only just for to *ax* her that’s near ye, and that’s the very fellow of ye, and that goes before ye in good deeds: and that spares the trouble of riding over to the bog, and dirting that fine *baste* that’s in the stable *yonthier*.—Oh! she’s mighty tender-hearted, and she’ll not refuse your honour; for Norry says, she can’t stand the sorrow, and loves to make every one happy;—and why not, miss? is’nt he a fine comely-looking gentleman, as one may wish to see of a summer’s day? and nobly descended too? Sure, and I *wondthered* why they played that same tune for your honour; and now finds ’twas very right, and a proper tune too. But Norry says, she hopes to find that you ’ant going to turn off the t’other gentleman, for she likes him best, to be sure; and that’s no disparagement to your honours, for she never set eyes upon you till to day, and that’s only just now, and he’ve a been giving her the pig and the *praties* a long time, and ’tis I that, ’ll pray for him, and a good wife to him, and that before its long. ’Tis I that’ll dance at your weddings, your honours, and wish ye good luck all the days of your lives.”—“And why am I forgotten, Darby?” said Father John, “so there’s no advice you can offer me?” “Lord have mercy, your reverence knows full well what’s good for all of us, and ’tis’nt for me to be dictating to the likes of ye; and I never expects to see ye so close to their honours, hand and glove with them; that’s why I overlooks ye in this great company.—But come, your reverence, wont you just tell his honour what a clever wife Miss O’Connor will make him? and how becoming it is for the clergy, hereabouts, to be married and become steady? and then the other young gentlemen there, who looks so shy.—O never fear; your honours need not be afraid, at all, at all, but ye’ll get the dear *creathers*, if ye goes the right way about it. And then, when one falls into trouble, and the sickness overtakes one, then, there is some one to intercede with your honours for one, and to step into the cabin now and then, and *ax* after the *childers*, and that’s very endearing, your honour, when

the likes of them comes among us and spakes so kindly to the poor little things." Here Darby ceased his advice, perceiving that Norry and Miss O'Connor had separated from the company, and were in conversation at some distance. Had it not been for this circumstance, and his unwillingness again to lose sight of his partner, he would have continued until he had wearied his auditors and exhausted his powers of rhetoric; for his heart was light and his spirits high. Not even the potent charms of whiskey could have animated him to the delightful exhilaration he now experienced upon thus happily returning to his country and his kindred.—His tongue was loosed, and, like many of the untutored natives of his neglected country, he had felt the bitterness of poverty, seen the difference between the condition of his degraded land and that of the sister kingdom; and with a discernment as acute as just, he discovered the cause that separated the interest and the influence of the proprietor of the land from the cultivation of the soil.—And this feeling must be acknowledged as a good earnest of the gratitude that is awakened by kindness in the bosoms of this people; feelings honourable to them, at all times, and which, if only properly directed, will raise them to the highest pitch of human excellence; but if treated with cold neglect and unfeeling scorn, will prove destruction to the country they inhabit, and misery to the race who are born its sons.

I cannot conclude this little narrative of facts without giving some further account of the individuals who have been so conspicuous throughout. It may therefore be satisfactory to my readers to know that Mr. Bennet did actually follow Darby's advice, and eventually married Miss O'Connor, and that Mr. O'Connor, following so good an example, married Miss Callaghan, and that both families lived beloved and beloved in the same place for years; spending their lives in doing good, and setting an example of piety to God and love to man; and such as gave ample assurance that they should receive at the last day that crown of righteousness, which God the righteous Judge hath laid up for them that serve him.

Darby and Norry lived at Mr. Bennet's lodge, and had the pleasure of seeing their beloved master and mistress, with a numerous train of lovely children following them every day, as they passed the gate to visit the neighbouring poor, and to administer comfort to the sick and sorrowful around them.

THE CRUSADER.

(Concluded from page 217.)

THE hall through which Walcheon passed was extremely spacious and lofty, paved with fine marble, and wainscotted with ivory; the dome was of rich mosaic; and on either hand, was a range of stately pillars, covered from top to bottom with precious stones, and encircled with wreaths of various coloured lamps, whose light, corresponding with those suspended on every side, diffused a most luxuriant and resplendant blaze. Beyond these were marble fountains, the sound of whose waters reverberated as if by magic with the sweetly harmonious strains that issued from the inner apartments. Slaves and attendants were running here and there with baskets filled with the richest and most delicious fruits, and viands of the finest flavour. On one hand he beheld a room, the walls of which were of jasper, while every thing around spoke magnificence and grandeur. He entered an apartment, from the ceiling to the floor of which, the hangings were of the richest velvet of cerulean blue, ornamented round the top and bottom with a rich broad fringe of silver; the cushions and sofas were also of velvet worked with a deep pattern in silver; the next appeared a kind of ante-room, and was covered with mirrors, from whence, on every side, he beheld the reflection of his own form, whilst his thick warm clothing showed a decided contrast with the light, gay attire of the attendants whose rapid steps he followed. There was a continued light and a refreshing coolness, together with an odoriferous perfume, that pervaded every apartment, whilst slaves were busied in each, some in disposing of the most beautiful and fragrant flowers into large china vases, others in replacing the cushions, and in making preparations for different kinds of amusements than what had apparently been going forward. Having but now emerged from the gloom of darkness, the breast of Walcheon could not but partake of those feelings of pleasure that seemed, in so high a degree, to predominate here, and scarcely could he suppress the wish, that rather he had been such a messenger, he had come a welcome guest. His attention was attracted by an uncommon blaze bursting at once upon his astonished sight. He perceived a

door had opened, whence he heard all the harmony of the softest and most delightful music he had ever listened to; involuntarily he darted forwards, and beheld a spacious apartment magnificently furnished and brilliantly lighted; the walls on every side were covered with cloth of gold, relieved by a deep fringe of silver, and large bunches of pearls and precious stones. On either side and at the upper end of the apartment, were sofas covered with beautiful silks, surrounded by fringes of pearl and silver; before these were placed cushions of crimson cloth embossed with gold; but what most excited his attention and chained him to the spot, were the groupes of dancers, whose splendid and sumptuous attire, and graceful and luxuriant attitudes surpassed all he had ever beheld. In the gayest groupe danced the gentle Zelia, of softest beauty, her large languishing eyes of dark blue were at one moment raised in serious earnestness to heaven, and then, as if correcting the feeling that had shot across her bosom, were now hid by the long silky lashes which screened from observation the touching melancholy portrayed there; the symmetry of her small round figure lost nothing of its proportion beneath the folds of a silver tissue; her small delicate foot, concealed in a shoe of embroidered satin, performed, with peculiar gracefulness, the evolutions of a mazy dance; whilst her round white arms were raised in gentlest movement. Slowly she advanced on tip-toe, and then with a bewitching, modest look, following the strains of softest music as slowly did she retreat, when Mohrad Mevlanah, his countenance beaming tenderness and love, suddenly advancing, takes her hand, which he presses fervently, and raises it again. Now the music, striking up into quicker notes, becomes more sprightly and animated; the lovely brow of Zelia relaxes its seriousness, her face is dimpled into smiles, her eyes meet those of Mevlanah, her cheeks deepen into a roseate bloom,—but now she is accosted by her favourite slave, on whom she looked kindly, but with her eyes forbade to interrupt her. Amina appeared not to heed her silent command, for she approached still nearer, and speaking something, instantly rivetted the attention of her young mistress, who now bent her ear whilst she regarded Amina with the greatest earnestness; what she communicated was apparently very far from being of a pleasant nature; the colour of the lovely Zelia quickly changed into a death-like paleness, her bosom heaved

anxiously, her whole frame underwent a convulsive agitation; Amina closed her communication; a faint shriek burst from the lips of Zelia, and she sank breathless into the arms of her slave. Mohrad Mevlanab instantly darted forward, to the support of her who was so soon to become his bride, but Amina refusing to give up her burden, he darted on her a look of fury, struck his hand on his side, and spoke in a menacing voice. At that moment, a man of a tall figure and lofty demeanor, with deep characteristic features, started quickly from a sofa, on which he had been reclining, and advanced hastily to the place where Mohrad Mevlanab and Amina were disputing which should hold the fainting Zelia, when, suddenly catching a sight of the foreign garb of Walcheon, he made a sign to the slaves who were with him, and hurried through a door on the right hand at the upper end of the apartment. The attendants, who had paused to behold the gay scene, either at Walcheon's suggestion, or to gratify their own curiosity, now hastened forward with greater celerity, till they came to a flight of marble stairs, which having ascended, and having passed through a long gallery, they came to an elegantly furnished room, the walls of which were inlaid with mother of pearl, and on whose floor, was spread a rich embroidered carpet, and on one side was a chair of state, composed of veneered ivory, over which hung a canopy of white velvet, with silver fringe, festooned with bundles of pearls; round the apartment were spread sofas and cushions of white velvet, richly embroidered with silver; on one of these sat or rather reclined the very person who had with such haste hurried from the room below. No sooner had the attendants, with low prostrations, intimated that this was the messenger from the English king, than he arose, advanced a step or two, and contracting his dark ponderous eye-brows till they formed but one line across his forehead, surveyed the stranger from head to foot, who on his part needed no introduction to the person before him, whose dark countenance spoke the soul of him to whom he must now unfold his message; in short, the soldier of Richard instantly knew himself to be standing before the greatest person, save one, in Salamis. "Is it true," asked Manfredi, at length, "that I see before me a soldier of Cœur de Lion of England?"—"It is so," answered Walcheon, "I am an humble servant of the English

king, charged with a message of the utmost importance to Isaac Comenus, the reigning Duke of Salamis."—"Duke!" exclaimed Manfredi; "but, I presume, the mistake was not intended; or rather, soldier, that you speak unwittingly. Yet what can the Lion-hearted have to say to the most gracious Isaac, that thus he delays planting the cross, to which the eyes of all men are directed, in the place of its birth? Can he mean well to the kingdom of heroes and gods, when he has placed himself beneath the shadow of Byzantium's power? Speak, soldier, what says Richard your master?"—"Richard of England, my most gracious sovereign and illustrious master," replied Walcheon, "speaks thus: 'Let Isaac, son of the house of Comenu, resign into the hands of Manuel Comenus, the power he has so unjustly, basely, and treacherously usurped. Let him, henceforth, forego the kingly sceptre, and at the feet of the magnificent emperor, receive that forgiveness he has forfeited through breach of faith.'" A deep and forced laugh issued from the breast of Manfredi at these words; he regarded Walcheon, for a moment, with a look of contempt, but suddenly checking himself, he replied, "Well! what further? nay, soldier, stop not here!—ay, take your breath, for sure the message of Richard, so humbly couched, and so modestly delivered, is not yet near the close? Oh no; that cannot be; these are too paltry, too insignificant requests for the bold Richard to make, unattended by others."—"The message of my overeign," replied Walcheon, "does indeed end here: when Duke Isaac, for under no other title may I be allowed to speak of him, has duly considered the words of my liege lord, let his answer be reported to me, that I may hasten to join my fellow-crusaders."—"What!" exclaimed Manfredi, unable to disguise his indignation, "has Richard already cut down Saladin? has he indeed trampled beneath his feet the infidel enemies of the Christian faith, and made himself master of the East, that thus he lords it over the Christian Isaac? Does he think that the oak of the forest would humble itself to be but as the ivy that clings around its trunk, merely because the forest can boast of other oaks as majestic as itself? that the pine or cedar would lower their heads at the bidding of other trees! What is Byzantium's Emperor to the king of Salamis? what the empty mandates of a Richard of England to do with the authoritative power ere legally and loyally exercised? Think you, Isaac is a

king to find his diadem too heavy for his brow? Or we a people calmly to see the princely sceptre rudely taken from his hands?—But how stands the power of Richard?”—“You would ask,” replied Walcheon, “whether he is able to enforce a command, which is less for the weal of England than any other nation? But you shall judge for yourself: we are, in number, a hundred thousand men; and Richard has pledged his word within three days to restore the prerogatives of the Porte, divested of all usurpation, or to disband his army without accomplishing his grand enterprise. And sooner would he that his heart should drink in his sword to the hilt, than forego his darling project.”—“If such be the madness of Richard,” answered Manfredi, “let him look to it. If he prefer heading an army against the subjects of a Christian king, to exterminating the race of infidelity, let those give him joy who will: but let him remember, the eyes of the world are upon him, and loud and bitter will be the cry against him, should this already fertile land, be enriched with the purple gore of a people, who have boasted of their imaginary conquests over the Saracens; and still more bitter to the soul of their leader in death will be the taste of our swords. Nevertheless, his message shall be duly reported to the Commenü, who will honour this mansion with his presence the day after to-morrow. In the meantime, soldier, our hospitality invites you to partake of the amusements and diversions that reign throughout the Castle; in order that the answer returned to so great and haughty a prince may do justice to his conception of power.” These words were uttered in a scornful and supercilious tone as he quitted the apartment.

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It was the solemn hour of midnight. Sound were the slumbers of Walcheon; he dreamt, or thought he dreamt, he heard the cry of battle, that his comrades were calling on him to gird himself in his armour; that they pushed tumultuously past him; that he endeavoured in vain to follow; but now he hears his name more distinct and certain, and with feelings, partaking of apprehension, and yet mere of anger, becomes sensible of the weight of a large heavy hand upon his chest, while a voice called repeatedly, “Walcheon! Crusader! awake! this

is no time for sleep, the enemy is upon you." Walcheon did indeed awake, but not to the reality he expected, for he beheld, with surprise, a countenance entirely unknown to him, whose large black eyes at one moment glared fiercely, betraying at once a deadly and unrequited rage, and then abated into somewhat of meltingness as they regarded him; the pale thin visage, and slender form, as it bent over him, bore evident sign of recent and severe illness. Walcheon again rubbed his eyes, and seemed to endeavour to recognize him; a second glance filled him with horror, the stranger had thrown off the large wrapping cloak which had entirely concealed his tall, wasted, yet still manly figure, and now standing in an upright posture, discovered that his garments were covered with blood. "You behold before you," said he, "the wretched shadow of a being, once happy in the love of his mistress, now, hunted down as a lion by his foe, and compelled to seek for no other safety than is found in revenge. You are the instrument I mean to handle, and on your own courage, Crusader, hangs, not only your liberty, but even your life."—"How!" exclaimed Walcheon, scarcely deeming himself awake, yet darting from his bed and snatching his sword; "my life, say you? dearly shall you pay for every drop of blood extracted from my devoted body!" "Hold, hold! it is nothing from me you have to fear," said the stranger. "No, nor from any other man," replied Walcheon vehemently, "fear is a passion that arises only in the breasts of slaves, unknown to the warriors of Britain."

"Now, by the blessed saints, you endanger not only your own life, but mine also. I have come, cautiously, here to seek you, to warn you of impending danger, and as cautious must be my retreat. This place I love to haunt, yet here I received my death-blow. Listen awhile to my story—listen patiently, while I disclose to you a double-fold black treachery. Ah, Crusader! your sleep would not this night have been so sound and secure, had you known the peril that hangs over you; and had not my heart been sick within me, your slumbers must shortly have been still sounder. Two evenings ago, a cruel, unfeeling jealousy, through the weak, unstable hand of a menial, shot at this bosom, torn with all the conflicting pain and agony that arise from disappointed love, and an insatiable desire for quick and speedy revenge. In me you behold that

unhappy Khalid, the scorned rival of the proud Mevlanah, whose wealth has obtained from the cold-hearted Manfredi, the only treasure that on earth I wished my own—his daughter, the lovely, gentle, beautiful Zelia, whom, when fortune favoured, he vowed should be mine, he now has plighted to Mohrad, notwithstanding all her protestations to love but me alone. It was in the spring-tide of early life, when first I saw her, young, gay, and sweetly innocent, and unconscious of the beauty which none could behold without feeling something more than admiration. Soon she won my heart, which, when I confessed to her, she avowed a mutual passion. Her extreme youth was then the only obstacle to our union, but Manfredi pledged his word, and on it I relied with the foolish simplicity of a fond lover, unsuspecting of the character of the man, in whose power I had placed my happiness. Wishing to behold my Zelia once more before she was consigned to the arms of another, I came hither, a heart-broken being; but, Mevlanah had tidings of me, and on that night, the night of your arrival here, he believed me dispatched for ever, but I have friends even here, who secreted me from the hand of the assassin, and bound up the wound which was inflicted in my breast; my garments I refused to change, they are stained with my blood shed for Zelia, and in them will I win her or breathe my last. At the dead of night, when all things were hushed, and silence alone had her reign here, I left my seclusion with a determination to seek her chamber, to tell her of my wrongs, and of the treachery from which I suffered, when, as I proceeded along the gallery, the sound of voices reached my ear, I knew them to be those of Manfredi and Zelia; his was raised in anger; her's was gentle and supplicating. Hesitatingly, I stopped close by the apartment, and overheard with sensations more of horror than surprise, that Manfredi, fearing lest the power of King Richard should be an eternal bar to his interest, was resolved, if possible, on detaining his embassy by fair words and seeming courtesy, until he could execute a plan he had formed of destroying both Richard and his nobles; then were you to be slaughtered in cold blood for having been the messenger of such ill-boding intelligence. I was about to fly to your apartment, to warn you of your fate, when recollecting you had no immediate danger to apprehend,

and that it was in my power to serve you, provided I could make my escape. I was resolved on seeing the king of England, and hastened for that purpose to the shore, but what was my surprise to find, that that monarch had already harboured. Drawn hither by the strong gales of the night. I told him of the sanguinary design of Manfredi; I told him my own unhappy story, and he has sworn to avenge me and to rescue his soldier from impending death. "Tell him," said the king, "that an English monarch never yet deserted a soldier whose life was in jeopardy; tell him also, he shall see my nuptials solemnized, and the crown of Salamis placed on my head, ere I cross the sea in Palestine; tell him, I bring with me Berengaria, whose charms shall inspire me in battle and gain for me a kingdom of which Isaac Comenus is unworthy: and as for you, my gallant, in spite of the wound you have received, your marriage shall take place with my own. Tell Walcheon, my sign of victory shall be the red cross, united with the standard of England, which shall, ere many hours, be displayed on the summit of Olympus." Instantly I hastened hither; all Salamis is surprised, the inhabitants pour out like ghosts from their sepulchres, whilst [the conquering arm of Richard mows down all before him. Put on your armour quickly, and wait ere the issue; yet should you hear the sound of this whistle, hasten to my assistance: from that casement you may behold the signal of your king, then will you have nothing to fear, life and liberty are your own. Adieu. I go softly to the chamber of Zelia, to apprize her of what is to happen, should all go on well, the morning sun will shine upon our nuptials." So saying, he glided from the apartment, leaving Walcheon in the greatest anxiety, who, however, followed the advice of his new friend, and encircling himself in his cloak, paced up and down, anxiously awaiting the signal that was to free him from the power of Manfredi.

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The red streaks of day were beginning to break through the dark mists of night, when the loud shrieks of men, women, and children struck upon his attentive ear. In a moment he darted to the casement; and beheld with horror that the lower part of the castle was enveloped in smoke, which presently bursting into a flame, discovered to him the anxiously-expected signal:

joyfully he hailed it, for now he was free, and the tyranny of Manfredi at an end. He rushed from the apartment, and in a few minutes stood amidst the dying and the slain.

The house of Manfredi had risen against its lord, who in combating with the enemy, found a less ignominious death than he would have met at home. The animated smiles of the expected happy bridegroom, the haughty Mevlanah, were lost in the ghastly form that was now extended lifeless on the earth: Isaac Comenus was made prisoner, and the air was now rent with the cries of "Long live Richard, our king! Long live Berengaria, the queen of Salamis!" Khalid too was there, who, in pressing the half-fainting Zelia to his bosom, breathed again a new existence. Of what a complex web is the mortal life of man composed! thought Walcheon, as rising from the feet of his sovereign, he once more mingled with his fellow crusaders.

C.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

THE following anecdote concerning Sir Isaac Newton, shews an amiable simplicity in that great man, and proves his inattention to worldly affairs. One of his philosophical friends abroad had sent him a curious prism, which was taken to the Custom-house, and was at that time a very scarce commodity in the kingdom. Sir Isaac laying claim to it, was asked by the officers what the value of the glass was, that they might accordingly regulate the duty. The great Newton, whose business was more with the universe, than with duties and drawbacks, and who rated the prism according to his own idea of its use and excellence, answered, "That the value was so great, he could not ascertain it." Being again pressed to set some fixed estimate upon it, he replied, "he could not say what was its worth, for that its value was inestimable." The honest Custom-house officer accordingly took him at his word, and made him pay a most exorbitant duty for the prism, which he might have taken away, upon only paying a rate according to the weight of the glass.

TARA'S HALLS.

BY A BRITISH OFFICER, TO A FRIEND IN ENGLAND.

(Continued from page 153.)

Soft as the lute's enrapt controul,
 In morning dreams that lovers hear,
 Whose strains steal sweetly o'er the soul,
 And, trembling, thrill the waking ear!
 As sun-beams through the tepid air,
 When clouds descend, in dews, unseen,
 Shine on the flowers, that bloom more fair,
 And fields, that glow with livelier green!
 So melting balm the music fell,
 It seemed to smooth the dashing spray.
 Say, heard'st thou not those dove notes swell?
 Ah, 'tis the maid of Tara's lay!

“ HE that bestows, virtually stands on superior ground to him who receives. And he who accepts, acknowledges the supremacy. This was well understood by the Plantagenets of England, when they assumed the empire of Ireland. This was also sufficiently comprehended by the Milesian princes of our country, when the titles of earl or baron, were offered to them in addition, or rather to supersede, the name of their royal heritage.—Who, indeed, would gild his gold?—‘Recollect you, my son!’ observed the old Shane O’Neill; whose castle, is almost coeval with the banks of Loch Neigh, where it yet rears its grey head, crowning that inland sea, the hoary herald of a past domain!—‘Recollect, you were born a sovereign! and will you kiss the hand of any other upon earth, for numbering you amongst his vassals?—a coronet, for a diadem! a courtier’s bauble, for the monarch’s sceptre! My son, I can plough, I can sow, I can reap! the hut, in yon islet, my strong hold; the herd of the hill, to shear and tend, and feed my people! but I cannot stoop to eat my food on the salver from a dias, under whose canopy I may not sit.—I cannot sell my birthright, for even a stranger’s proudest honours; I cannot sink so low. Shane O’Neill was the name of my fathers, till the register fades into the clouds of centuries gone down with the sun; long before the Norman Plantagenets had a record. It was theirs; and it shall be mine; and my son’s sons, till the waters of this lake see us no more.”

“ And this was the spirit which pervaded most of the old Milesian families, from the earliest period after the transfer of the sovereign lordship of Ireland, to a British sceptre, until the present era; when, indeed, the gradual revolution in customs, and the general opinion with regard to political and national changes, wrought similar alteration in the minds of certain branches of this ancient royal stock. The princes of the O'Brien race, have become earls of Thomond; the O'Donnells, taken the title of Tyrconnel; and for the O'Neill's, the words of Shane were for awhile forgotten, and the heir of Ulster bore on his banner the subordinate cognizance of Lord of Tyrone.—This was during the power of the English Elizabeth. He possessed the gallantry as well as bravery of his country; it would have been well for him, and for it, had he also adhered to the name of his ancestors; for it is certain, that in the judgment of those who calculate on noble descent, that the few Irish who have still preserved their family purity of ancient lineage, should, in justice, take precedence of the present nobility of Europe, as being *allodial*; a title from the most remote antiquity; whereas, the others, are of comparative modern date. Camden, one of the most venerable of Britons, has noted this princely sentiment of the Milesian race, even with commendation, when he describes the visit of this very O'Neill, misnamed Earl; who, repenting of his accepted bullrush for a sceptre, made a journey to the court of England, to lay his claim at the feet of Elizabeth, for his sovereignty of Ulster. It was the woman, he besought in that attitude, not the monarch; and his sword, sometime afterwards, told the same story on the helmet of her champion Essex. Nevertheless, though dissatisfied with the issue of the chief business that brought him to a foreign court, he deported himself there with that generous deference to the queen, inherent in the heart of an Irishman, wherever he meets the female sex. Indeed he had passed over into her country, attended by all the magnificent royal attendance that was his right in his own.” He appeared, (remarks Camden,) with the Irish guard, called Gallowglasses. They were arrayed in the richest style of military apparel, the ancient fashion of this train from time immemorial. In their hands they carried the well-known battle-axes of Phœnicia. Their heads were bare, with long hair flowing on their shoulders; and fine linen vests, of a saffron hue, with broad open

sleeves, were braced on with their glittering martial harness." This was in 1562, little more than two hundred years ago! Since then, the earldom of Tyrone has passed away, in like manner with the kingdoms of our little island. And, perhaps, it is well that it is so. Yet there is a kingdom, a chieftainship, still existing in the hearts of the brave Irish, towards the descendants of their ancient lords. It needs no trapping of power, it requires no titles of denomination; it is founded in the reverence of the spirit, to the memory of past patriarchal royal sway; it is supported by present respect for the generous virtues of those who hold the blood and names of those departed worthies. And what are ye, still existing chiefs in the best sense of the word! what are ye to teach these faithful followers, who dwell upon your lips?—Hear me!"

Sadeb paused at these so particularly vocative words.—"Go on," cried the deeply listening grandfather; "thy voice, my child, uttering my son's last adjuration—my brave and pious son!—sounds, to me, like the harp of David to the stormy spirit of Saul; it soothes the proud waves of my bosom, into something like the peace of his own—the peace of the grave!—where the songs of seraphs lull our slumbers."—"Nay, my sire," rejoined she, with tender animation, "whence the song of seraphs, herald the summoned spirit from its clay tenement, to its heavenly home!—That cold, insensible body, formed out of the dust of the ground, may indeed sleep there, but it needs no lullaby. The vehicle only, of the guiding spirit that once informed it, but which has fled far away, it is indeed man no more, and lies, clay with clay, in the grave. But that spirit, which is our very selves; that which thinks, and feels, and loves, can know no such forgetfulness.—Shall it not awake, even in the body's closing eye of death, into the everlasting consciousness of eternal existence? Yes. For who was it that said, 'This night, thou shalt be with me in paradise!'—Oh, my grandsire, with this faith there is no tangible death; no separation from those we love!—I die in thy arms!—I awake in the instant, though invisible to human sight, to hover over thy mortal steps, till thou rejoineest me in the bliss of heaven.—And, what is heaven, but the unveiled universe, full of spiritual creatures, blest in each other, and ministering angels in the presence of him who gave them being!—My father," cried she, "you taught me this; and I am with thee now!"

While uttering this, she gazed upwards, and throwing herself on the bosom of the venerable old man, added—"even as I rest now, on the fond heart of my grandsire, thou art leaning from thy happy mansion, and present with us!"—She looked like an angel, while she spoke; and as my riveted eyes fixed on her face, I could, like herself, have thought I now beheld one of

"The thousand heavenly visitants, which walk
The earth, both when we sleep, and when we wake!"

But I remembered our half divine Milton's sentiment on a similar occasion, and felt assuredly, that

"Her oft converse with the celestial host,
Had wrought such changes in her outward shape,
That all seemed now immortal!"

"My child!" cried the aged prince, straining her to his breast, "the virgin soul of woman, hath clearer knowledge of the pure intelligences above, than grosser man.—I feel thou utterest truth; and marvel, with such a shore beyond this world, that after near a century's ocean's storms have beaten on my head, my tossing spirit is not yet resigned to keep the calmer, narrowed track, and float in noiseless peace adown the stream of time, to that sure haven of a blest eternity!—But there is something still, of Baal and Ashtaroath about my nature:—Oh, Hannibal of Carthage, thy blood flows in the veins of Duachandonn! Like thee, I made a vow on the altar of wrath, and the fire consumes me yet!—But proceed my child, with thy father's exhortation.—It may accomplish at last what thou hast begun!" Sadeb listened, reverentially, to her grandsire.—She knew his quick susceptibility; she also was well aware of the strength of habit; and that often such a scene as this had occurred before.—His reason had been convinced, and his resolution taken, to adapt his mind to inevitable events; and that as certainly, the old associations of memory returned, and with them every throe of a spirit yet unsubmitting to its destiny.—But every successive assuasive of these struggles, seemed to render each subsequent paroxysm less difficult to calm; and thus her gentle hand ever sought to spread its flowers, over that thorny pillow.—She resumed to read.

"Yes, my countrymen!" continued the manuscript, "chiefs in the land of your birth, whether ye be of the pure original race of its most ancient Milesian lords, or come of the blood

of their daughters, mingled with the sons of the first British settlers, like the posterity of the Sabines with the Roman people, ye are become one nation; the same your weal, the same your glory! Sprung from two sources, but now united into one magnificent stream, ye are as a sister sea, to that of great Britain; and your fame, with that country's, fills the whole earth.—Divide ye again, amongst yourselves, and ye meet the mightier element, even as brawling, tributary rills; without power, without respect, and the dam stops you in the current. Remember, you are not a conquered, nor a purchased people; you are not a captive, nor a slave; you are as an affianced bride; and holding yourself the partner of the sceptre that sways the British empire, your obedience is to the same law which commands that sceptre; and freedom, 'to do all that man dare do with justice to his fellow men,' is the great code of that land.—Such is its principle; though what is earthly, must be fallible; and this imperfection in its execution, and submission to its behests, dwells alike in the bosom of green Erin, and in that of the white-cliffed isle.—Let them, then, mutually consider this; and mutually lay aside suspicion.—But let them mutually prove, by a determined course of reciprocal good-will, that both are sincere; for proof lies in deeds, not words.

“Be you, my countrymen, as tolerant in religion, as ye are zealous in your faith.—Act on the belief, that “all who name the name of one Saviour, in their prayer” are Christians; and, therefore, all are our brethren, to be loved, and trusted.—Do ye, of the opposite shore, receive the proof in its fidelity and cherish the awakened confidence reposed in you! “Then, again, my countrymen, learn to distinguish between a spirit of mendicant pride, (shall I call it?) and one of noble independency.—Who is that, who supposes himself more degraded by guiding the plough, or delving the spade, or traversing the sea on errands of merchandize; than in lounging all day round his ruined cabin, basking in the sun one hour, and feeding the next, on a few miserable potatoes, alone with his family of many children? all are in rags and wretchedness; yet all like him are too proud to condescend to make themselves useful to themselves, or to others; and all, like him, feel no hope, but when listening to variously brought tales of appeals for their freedom, and their rights, to the

opposite country.—Tell them the truth.—They require no freedom to be granted them, for they have it already; neither do their rights lie in a mystery. Every man has his lawful power of acting, when he chuses to make use of it; his right is in his hand; to build up his home, by his own honest exertions; to provide for his children, by the labour, and just rewards of his talents; to cover his name, and theirs with honour, by his conduct; proving, most creditably to himself, that nothing can debase the gentleman, by rendering him unworthy of the title, but indolence, repining, and hanging on others, to do that for him, which he can do for himself.—The man who earns his own subsistence, who establishes his own reputation, he is the only independant, he is the only true gentleman.—And, whether he be digging the bogs of Ireland, dragging the net in her rivers, or wielding the warrior's truncheon on sea or land, he is still the same Irishman, of good blood, and better judgment: for, reverence of mere high descent, is now no more.—Be, then, my country, what Cincinnatus was; what every English yeoman, the strength of his land, is.—Planting, and sowing your own corn; reaping your own harvests, of every kind; and stowing well into your barns:—When plenty is within your walls, peace will soon cower her dove-pinions upon your roofs.

“ But in this exhortation, I do not only address the people of our glens, and mountain-wastes; a people, who have never left their native soil; and many of whom, out of a quick sense of neglect, have lived there, in haughty defiance of all modern changes. I also appeal to the best feelings of the lords, who hold these districts in property, whether they be resident in the land, or absentees; and, if they be just men, or even only alive to their own interests, let them hear my call, to visit these mountains and glens; and finally, to live amongst their people! cheering their labours, by encouragement, and stimulating them by liberality.—Then, we shall see Ireland what she ought to be; the consort, not the suppliant, of yon glorious isle.—We shall see what a generous spirit of labour on the one hand, and a judicious, just encouragement by recompence, will do on the other; for wealth is power!—Wealth, obtained, and maintained, by a perseverance of industry and honour!

The proof may be contemplated in the district of O'Sulli-

van on the banks of Killarney.—A happy descendant of that princely race, had visited India.—He there acquired riches by the sweat of his brow, day and night. He returned to his country, even like the wandered patriarch of the East, to spread his native hills with herds and flocks.—He found all, in poverty and wretchedness.—But he did not disturb the ancient remembrances of his people, by displacing their primeval mud cabins, and putting them in cottages of bricks and mortar.—No, he gave the potatoe-garden, and the corn-field, and the pasture, and the cow, and the sheep, to each resident; he taught the possessors industry, he purchased of their labour, and the people afterwards sought their own comforts.—They earned, they purchased, they enjoyed with an honest independence.—I visited that O'Sullivan country.—The clay cabins were clean; the inhabitants who came out, or entered in, were all decently clad, with smiling countenances and agile steps.—The men carried implements of husbandry; the women were busy with their spinning-wheels, or sewing wearing apparel; the children even, had learned to disencumber the ground of weeds, or otherwise lend their little aid, like fairy visitants, to spread its surface with the herb or flower. Yes, Killarney bloomed before me like a garden: and without pretension, without noise of any kind: here was happiness, here was content, here was peace!

I write to you, my countrymen, who can follow this example: come, and do likewise!

S. S.

(To be concluded in our next.)

MODE OF WARMING APARTMENTS IN RUSSIA.

IN Russia, the cold in winter is intensely severe; but by their mode of warming their houses, little inconvenience from its severity is experienced: An oven with several flues is constructed, into which a very moderate sized faggot is put, and lighted; it is only suffered to burn till the thickest black smoke is evaporated; the chimney is then shut down, by which means, the whole of the heat is retained in the chamber, which lasts through the remainder of the twenty-four hours, and renders every room in the house so warm, that they sit with no more than common covering.

SCENES IN THE EAST.

(Continued from page 222.)

TANEUSE, the betrothed bride of the young Armenian, having, in company with her father, met him at one of the Russian frontier posts along the Caucasus, they joined into one party: and, happy, as fond, reciprocal love could make them, they travelled forward, towards Eitch-Maiadzen. In one of those chapels, where a woman might be admitted, the hand of Taneuse was for ever to be plighted with that of her Basil. Her affectionate father was then to return into Russia, to continue his profitable business as a merchant, and the enraptured husband convey the lovely and future partner of his life, to their mutual home. But mysterious fate directed otherwise. The whole of the little party were attacked in a dark defile, by one of the marauding out-posts of the very people who had formerly possessed themselves of the person of General P. His science in the use of arms, was now added to their savage means of victory; and the small escort of the merchant soon fell, or fled before the desperate onset. The father of Taneuse was slain by a pistol shot. Herself, in the arms of Basil, became insensible at the sight. In that situation, a thrust from a spear into his side, laid him weltering in his blood amongst the dead bodies around him. Even in the moment when the gushing stream from his heart seemed to carry immediate consciousness along with it, the closing senses of his ear, heard the piercing shriek of his Taneuse, as the ruffians bore her away, the only apparent survivor of the horrid scene.

Basil heard no more, saw no more, till he found himself lying on the military cloak of a Russian soldier, and the owner, who had bound up the weltering wound, leaning over him, with the flask of spirits yet in his hand. Out of it he had poured a few drops into the lips of the unfortunate man, he had discovered in so mortal a situation, and which had recalled him to sense, and misery. When Basil could speak, he related what had happened; incoherently, but be-

seechingly, demanding the assistance of the Russian, to pursue the robbers, and their lovely prey, into their fastnesses. Suffice it, to add, that this man, and his comrades, who had halted a little behind, near a mountain stream for refreshment, were a party belonging to a picquet division of General P—. They were soon called up by their brother soldier: and, by the direction of Basil, wrapping the body of the slain parent of Taneuse in one of their own cloaks, buried him, with the rest of the murdered, in a deep hollow of the earth between two neighbouring rocks; and filled up the grave with stones, and gathered brush-wood. Basil could not weep over that grave. His soul was in too wild a despair, for the tenderness of sorrow. He travelled, as well as his wound would allow, back with these soldiers to their general. The condition of the young Armenian, was too true a commentary on the story the men related to their commander; was, too powerful a demand on his interference with the depredatory tribe, to need an appeal from the broken-hearted lover.

From the unsuspected sources of communication, which this brave and humane Russian had amongst every tribe of the mountains, he soon traced who were the individuals amongst his own former captors, who had carried off the lady; and, by an admirable address, he contrived to possess himself of the persons of two of them; the most ferocious young aspirants after blood-red fame, of the whole horde; and these, he publicly proclaimed, he would strictly hold in hostage, till the lady should be brought safe, and unharmed in every respect, to his protection. These young men swore, the thing was impossible; as they had already passed her on to their chief; and once in his possession, he would sooner part with his life, than with so perfect a beauty.—“We shall see to that,” replied the general, “and if need be, have him here, to answer for himself.”

D.

(To be continued.)

ANCIENT METHODS OF DECORATING THE HAIR.

(Continued from page 222.)

THE fourteenth century ushered in a morning of splendour. A lady whose name, dear to the Muses, is deservedly celebrated—Clemence Isaure, appeared, and drew forth her sex from the obscurity to which it had so long been condemned during the ages of ignorance and tyranny. A beautiful print of this lady, illustrating the head-dress of the times, is given by M. N. H. Jacob in the *Collection du Miroir*. In spite of the evils which at this period desolated France, luxury made extraordinary progress. The vain and coquettish Isabelle de Baviere, invented the most extravagant fashions. By a strange perversion, or rather dereliction, of all the harmony and principles of taste, she concealed her hair altogether, and displayed her shoulders and bosom. No graceful recollection is associated with the corrupted and unnatural taste of this extravagant queen. It was she who brought into fashion those head-dresses, so extravagant in form, and ridiculous in altitude, called horns, or *hennins*, the wearing of which kindled such zealous fury in the preachers of the time. "Every body," says Paradin, a contemporary author, "was at this time very extravagant in dress, and that of the ladies' heads was particularly remarkable; for they wore on them prodigious caps, an ell or more in length, pointed like steeples, from the hinder part of which hung long crapes or rich fringes, like standards. These extravagant head-dresses arose from the gradual enlargement of bonnets in form of a heart. "The women," says Juvenal des Ursins, "ran into great excesses in dress, and wore horns of wonderful length and size, having on either side ears of such monstrous dimensions, that it was impossible for them to pass through a door with them on." About this time the Carmelite Cenare, a celebrated preacher, exercised his talents against these horns. They likewise wore hoods, strengthened in front with leather, and hoops of whalebone, to give them more consistency. Above this kind of funnel, figure to yourself a head surmounted with two huge horns, and pads with prodigious ears, and you will have a correct idea of the ladies of that age.

It must not be imagined, however, that this head-dress was worn generally, for we should think that then, as at present,

the most ridiculous costumes were more especially adopted by those who courted distinction, and disfigured themselves into their rank and dignity; and if monuments have been handed down to us of many strange dresses, the reason is, that painters and sculptors usually perpetuate only the portraits of distinguished persons.

During this period the sugar-loaf hats began to grow numerous, having veils fastened to them, which hung more or less low, according to the quality of the wearer. The fashion appears to have been first imported into France from England, the earliest monument in which it appears, being a miniature in an ancient manuscript copy of Froissart, representing the entry of Isabel, queen of England, and sister of Charles the Fair, into Paris. This princess is represented with a peaked head-dress of extraordinary height, trimmed with lace that floats in the air.

In emulation perhaps of Cenare, we find that another Carmelite, named Thomas Conecte, preached vehemently against the *hennins*; but, alas! the poor Carmelite was ill requited for his zeal; for, six years afterwards, in 1440, he was burned alive at Rome as a heretic. "This preacher," says Paradin, "held the *hennins* in such abhorrence, that most of his sermons were directed against them; attacking them with the bitterest invectives, and launching out into the severest animadversions against those who wore them. Wherever brother Thomas went, the *hennins* durst not shew themselves, on account of the hatred which he had sworn against them. This had an effect for the time, and till the preacher was gone; but, on his departure, the ladies resumed their horns, and followed the example of the snails, that, when they hear any noise, speedily draw in their horns, and, when the noise is passed, suddenly erect them to a greater length than before. Thus did these ladies; for the *hennins* were never larger, more pompous, and more superb than after the departure of brother Thomas." Such is the effect of warmly contending against prejudices.

Those high head-dresses rendered it necessary, at this period, to heighten the door-ways, as they had been previously widened on account of the ears. They at length vanished, though only to make their appearance at other periods more ridiculous than ever. Becoming weary of head-dresses a yard high, they passed, as is commonly the case, from one extreme to another;

and reduced them to such a degree, that the women appeared as though their heads were shaved.

In the reign of Charles VIII. in 1483, the ladies, renouncing the extravagant taste to which they had been so long enslaved, composed a head-dress of their hair, by turning it up. In the gallant and splendid court of Francis I. in 1515, the ladies also turned up their hair; and Queen Margaret of Navarre, his grand-daughter, frizzed the hair at both temples, and turned it back in front; sometimes adding to this head-dress a small cap of satin or velvet, enriched with pearls and precious stones, and ornamented with a handsome and tasteful plume of feathers.

Leonardo da Vinci has left us portraits of the most celebrated beauties of the time. In those of the beautiful Feronniere, the fair Joconda, and Petrarch's Laura, the hair is parted and bound on the forehead, while it is reunited behind, covering the ears, and falling on the shoulders. The most characteristic mark of the fashion of this period is the loop, which, parting in front, gives so much sweetness to the countenance. Sometimes this was adorned with a diamond; sometimes there was only a black fillet, or band of gold, or polished steel.

This head-dress was charming; but the beauties who invented it became old, and the next generation, disdaining imitation, had recourse to what was more novel, though less graceful. Under the sway of the princesses of the Medicis family, all were changed, and caprice and frivolity became the character of the time. The air was imprisoned, the waist laced tight, and stiffness and restraint took the place of the elegant simplicity which had begun to distinguish the toilette of France. In a very curious and rare work, keenly satirizing the manners of the sixteenth century, we find the following passage:—

"Scarcely had I entered the chamber," says the author, "when I saw three men, who turned up the hair with little pincers, taken hot out of certain braziers, or foot-stoves; the hair sending forth clouds of smoke. I was afraid at such a commencement, and with great difficulty restrained myself from crying; as I wondered what caused them to commit such an outrage. But when I began to survey their operations more clearly, I saw that they meant no harm; for one read in a book, another talked to his valet, and the third conversed with one who called himself a philosopher. You would have said, they wished to make up their hair like rolls of cloth, it was in

such a manner wound about the pincers; and when the whole ceremony was completed, their heads resembled *un temps pommele*. The head of one they shook so violently, that one might have thought it was a tree from which they were shaking fruit; each had many servants around his chair, one undoing what another had done."

This could not last long. Anne of Austria gave the hair its natural grace and freedom, and prepared the way for the charming head-dress of Maucini, Ninon, Sévigné, and all the elegance which characterised the reign of Louis XIV. At the end of the seventeenth century, however, the lofty head-dresses, then called *fantanges*, were resumed, and made more ridiculous than ever. Figure to yourself a vast edifice of wire, sometimes two feet in height, and divided into several stories. On this frame was put a great quantity of bits of muslin, riband, and hair; at the least motion the whole fabric shook and threatened destruction. Though it was so inconvenient, yet, it was said, husbands liked the fashion, as it was supposed to guarantee the discretion of their wives. Every piece of which this enormous head-dress was composed, had a particular name, and these names were not less ridiculous than the things they denoted. Among these were the duchess, the solitaire, the cabbage, the mouse, the musqueteer, the crescent, the firmament, the tenth heaven, and others equally ludicrous. This fashion was, however, suddenly relinquished; the head-dress became extravagantly low, and, to make amends, the women adopted high-heeled shoes.

The happy change in the head-dress was not of long duration; the ladies soon began again to erect magnificent edifices upon their heads, till the tide of fashion was again changed, in consequence, it was said, of the following circumstance: Two English ladies, who had recently arrived in Paris, went to Versailles, in June 1714, to see Louis XIV. at supper. They wore an extremely low head-dress, which was then as ridiculous as one two feet high would appear at present. No sooner had they entered than they produced such a sensation, that a considerable noise took place: the king enquired the reason of this extraordinary bustle, and was informed that it was occasioned by the presence of two ladies, whose heads were dressed in a very singular style. When the King saw them, he observed to the duchesses and other ladies who were supping

with him, that, if the women had any sense, they would relinquish the ridiculous head-dress then in fashion, and adopt that of the two strangers. The wishes of a king are commands to his courtiers; the ladies were sensible that they should be obliged to submit; the sacrifice was painful: to demolish such lofty head-dresses, was little better than decapitation. There was no remedy. The fear of displeasing the monarch overcame every other consideration, and the whole night was employed in destroying the edifice of three stories; the two uppermost were totally suppressed, and the third was cut down to one-half.

Four years afterwards, Lady Mary Wortley Montague writes from Paris, describing the French fashions, not in the most favourable style. "So fantastically," says she, "absurd in their dress! So monstrously unnatural in their paints! Their hair cut short and curled round their faces, and so loaded with powder, that it makes it look like white wool! And on their cheeks, to their chins, unmercifully laid on a shining red japan, that glistens in a most flaming manner, so that they seemed to have no resemblance to human faces. I am apt to believe that they took the first hint of their dress from a fair sheep newly ruddled" ♦ ♦ ♦

(To be concluded in our next.)

MAITRE ADAM,

THE FRENCH CARPENTER POET.

MAITRE ADAM BILLAUT was a carpenter of Nevers, who flourished in the reign of Louis XIII., and was called the Virgil of the Plane. His poetry obtained for him the applause of Benserade, Scudery, Menage, and other wits of his nation. It has something of the point and polish of the lighter French compositions of Voltaire's day; and for the age and station of the author, is singularly good. In our own times, low-born poets have been frequent, because literature has been placed within the reach of all classes. But it would be curious, could we know the circumstances which called forth the intellects of "rude mechanics" in that epoch of darkness and despotism in which this poet wrote. Maitre Adam had a rival in a poetical biscuit-baker at Paris, who piqued himself that if Adam's verses were composed *avec plus de bruit*, his own were written *avec p'us de chaleur*.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HISTORY, TOPOGRAPHY, &c.

DR. GREY'S MEMORIA TECHNICA, or, Method of Artificial Memory. Abridged, &c. by J. H. Todd. 12mo. Chronology has been aptly termed one of the eyes of history; and indeed no one who wishes to form an accurate acquaintance with the latter science can reasonably reject the aid of the former. Dr. Richard Grey's Memoria Technica is so well known, that it is unnecessary to expatiate on its value or utility, to the young student especially. If any fault can be found with that work, it must be on the score of its prolixity. Hence an abridgment becomes desirable; and the present is upon the whole well-executed.

LETTERS ON ENGLAND. By the Baron de Stael Holstein. 8vo. Under this unpretending title we meet with the observations of an eminent foreigner on the History, Laws, and Constitution, of Britain. It is somewhat singular, that we are indebted to another foreigner, De Lolme, for the best treatise on our Government and Civil Policy extant. This attention of the natives of other countries to the history and present state of our political institutions (of which more instances might be mentioned,) shews that they are highly interesting as well as important; and the laws and liberties handed down to us from our ancestors, which are thus admired abroad, ought to be highly prized and respected at home.

THE BEAUTIES OF WILTSHIRE, displayed in Topographical, Historical, and Descriptive Sketches; illustrated with Views of the principal Seats, &c. By John Britton, F.S.A. &c. 3 vols. 8vo.—The first two volumes of this work, were published in 1801; the last has just made its appearance. The principal circumstances which led to this delay, as well as a variety of information relative to the numerous works in which the author has since been engaged, and a sketch of his personal history, will be found in the preface to this volume. Wiltshire, though on many accounts one of the most interesting counties in England, has never been the subject of a general and complete history, at least not in a detached form. Sir Richard Hoare has indeed made some progress in the publication of such a work, on a very large scale, which, if it should ever be finished, will be highly valuable. Something on a more contracted plan, and attainable at a less expence, would certainly be desirable for general readers. The volume before us relates almost exclusively to the northern part of the county, and is intended as supplementary to those which preceded it, and which have been long since out of print. Mr. Britton, who is a native of Wiltshire, and several of whose other publications refer to the antiquities and topography of the county, intimates some intention of supplying the deficiency in our literature, to which we have alluded.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIRS OF ELIZABETH STUART, Queen of Bohemia. By Miss Benger, 1825. 2 vols. 8vo.—Biography is one of the most pleasing kinds of composition, and it is one which has repeatedly exercised the pen of the lady to whom we are indebted for this work; the subject, too, which she has chosen, is more than usually interesting; so that she must have been unhappy not to have produced an amusing and instructive performance. We shall, if possible, endeavour to enable our readers in some measure to appreciate the value of this work, by laying before them some passages which have particularly attracted our attention.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF THE RIGHT HON. RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN. By Thomas Moore, Esq. 4to. With a Portrait from a Picture by Sir J. Reynolds.—This volume affords a melancholy proof, (if any such were wanting,) that the possession of splendid talents unaccompanied by prudence can contribute little to the happiness or respectability of the person so gifted. Mr. Sheridan was a public character, and much of his history was generally known, yet Mr. Moore has contrived to bring forward much information which must be new to most readers, and which cannot fail to be interesting to all. He seems to have acted the part of a faithful biographer; and while he points out many circumstances which tend to palliate the faults of wayward genius, he displays the necessary termination of vice and folly in want, reproach, and misery.

NOVELS.

THE CAMISARD; or the Protestants of Languedoc: a tale, in three vols. 1825. 12mo.—Independent of the amusement to be derived from these pages, viewed merely as containing a fictitious narrative, there is much matter of interest, founded on fact, relative to the persecution suffered by the Protestants in the South of France, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. We have some objections to what are termed historical romances, as combining truth and fiction in a manner which makes it not always easy to distinguish them. In spite of this drawback, however, the story of "the Camisard" has afforded us much gratification in the perusal, and we therefore do not hesitate to recommend it to our fair readers.

THE HIGHEST CASTLE AND THE LOWEST CAVE; or, the Events of the Days which are gone. By Rebecca Edridge, author of the *Scrimium*. In three vols. 1825. 12mo. This romance has prefixed to it, a Dedication to Every Body, in which the writer tells us that the good will not be led astray, nor the wicked confirmed in vice, by her compositions. We readily give this lady credit for the moral inoffensiveness of her work; but while she has studied to profit her readers

she has neglected to delight them; thus depriving her lessons of that charm which might have made them efficacious.

HEARTS OF STEEL. By the author of "The Wilderness," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. We never happened to meet with the Wilderness; and if it is equally dull with the present work, we cannot feel disposed to look upon the circumstance as a misfortune.

MISCELLANEOUS.

COLLEGE RECOLLECTIONS. 1825. 12mo. There is a tinge of romance in this little volume, which betrays the youthful fancy of the author, who has apparently given a fictitious garb to persons and things having a real and material existence. Few who have been educated in an university, can have failed to make many interesting observations on such a scene; but the sketches before us are indebted much for their effect to the pencil by which they are portrayed; and we cannot help wishing to see it employed on a broader canvas, in delineating the romance of real life.

TALES OF TO-DAY. 12mo. This volume consists of selections from the newspapers. Its contents are truly miscellaneous, and of very various merit, but altogether sufficiently amusing. A sketch of the history of this species of fugitive literature, forms a proper introduction.

Intelligence relative to Literature and the Arts.

Bonaparte.—Sir Walter Scott is said to be busily engaged in writing the life of Napoleon—a theme well worthy of his pen.

Captain Dundas Cochrane.—This gentleman, who has distinguished himself as one of the greatest pedestrian travellers on record, died on the 12th of August last, at Valencia in Columbia.

Shakespeare.—Three original letters of the Bard of Avon are reported to have been discovered among papers left by the Duchess of Dorset.

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EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, FOR OCTOBER, 1825.

THE political transactions of the present month, have not been very important. Preparations are making for the meeting of Parliament, which it was expected would be followed by its immediate dissolution. But the result of the deliberations of a cabinet counsel, held recently, appears to have decided against the adoption of such a measure at present. The relations of the British Government with the contending parties in Greece, have also undergone consideration; and a proclamation has been issued, stating his Majesty's determination, to observe a strict neutrality in the warfare of other states, at peace with Great Britain; and referring to the provisions of the Foreign enlistment bill, as rendering it penal in any of the king's subjects, to afford assistance to either the Greeks or the Turks. This proclamation, however, has obviously been directed chiefly against the former, and has been caused by the complaints of the Turkish Government to Lord Strangford, our minister at Constantinople. The intended expedition of Lord Cochrane, can therefore hardly take place; and the Greeks must be left to vindicate their freedom; if they attain it at all, by dint of their own exertions. By the latest information it appears, that the contest in Greece, is carried on without any material advantage on either side. Achmet Pacha, at the head of 50,000 men, is investing Missolonghi; and the besieged resist the attacks with courage and perseverance. The Greeks are fortifying themselves in Hydra. The Spezzioties are preparing for the worst, and have sent away from the island all their women and children. Some hundreds of Candiots are assembling to return home, and support the insurrection in Crete. But in spite of these partial instances of resolution, the success of the Greeks appears very precarious; dissention among their leaders, is the bane of their cause; and the intrigues and manœuvres which they are carrying on, each to obtain authority for himself, may prove the ruin of all. It is particularly stated, that a misunderstanding subsists between Mavrocordato and General Roche, the agent of the Greek committee. It appears that in Spain, new plots in favour of Don Carlos have been formed and detected. The Consultative Junta, created by a late décret of the king, has been installed, and the sittings have been occupied with considering the best means of conciliating and recovering the American colonies; and in adopting measures for negotiating an advantageous loan. An address has also been presented to Ferdinand, expressing an unalterable attachment to the Royal person; declaring the country to be in a flourishing state; and recommending union between all parties. Dispatches have been received from Bengal, announcing the capture of Arracan, by General Morrison. Sir

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Archibald Campbell has formed a junction with Major Cotton at Donabew, and he expected to take that place by assault. Letters have since arrived from Calcutta, stating that Prome has been taken without resistance. Bondoolah, the Burmese Chief, is supposed to be dead: and the king of Ava has made overtures for peace. Our conditions, in reply to this offer, are said to have been, that the whole coast of Arracan, should remain in our possession. The Emperor of Brazil has issued a decree, commanding Lord Cochrane, as High Admiral of the Empire, immediately to repair to Rio Janeiro. The Provincial Congress of Mexico, has published a proclamation, denying the right of the Pope to interfere in the affairs of foreign states; this declaration will materially obstruct the claims of the Spanish king to the sovereignty of Mexico and the other colonies; and may so far be considered as a very important occurrence.

DOMESTIC-INTELLIGENCE.—Captain Parry has returned from the North West expedition, with the loss of one of his ships. This unfortunate accident has prevented any progress being made towards the grand object of the voyage; though it is stated that the attainment appeared more probable when the wreck took place, than at any former period. The *Fury* was driven ashore among the ice, the 1st of August last. The men were saved, and brought home in the *Hecla*. A small vessel from Plymouth was wrecked near Yarmouth; and a boat from that port, rescued the master, part of the crew, and a child of four years old, from a sand-bank, on which they had taken refuge. A dreadful storm happened at Liverpool on the 13th, which occasioned the loss of a number of boats belonging to that place; several men were drowned; for the relief of whose wives and families, subscriptions have been raised among the inhabitants of Liverpool. The brig *Wellington*, of Cork, narrowly escaped being cast away during a violent gale on the 12th of August. The captain and several of the men were washed overboard and lost. A few days after the storm, the crew of a vessel that had foundered at sea, was met with in an open boat, and taken on board the *Wellington*. That ship afterwards fell in with the *Sophia* of Altona, to which some of the passengers removed, in consequence of scarcity of provisions. They arrived at the Isle of Wight in safety, and brought the preceding intelligence. The *Wellington* has since reached Cork. The *Baron of Renfrew*, a four-masted timber ship, built at Quebec, of 9,000 tons burthen, arrived off Dover on the 13th inst. She was towed by two steam-vessels, and the wind and weather were favourable; which was extremely fortunate, as this gigantic vessel is said to have been in a very leaky condition. She has since run a-ground off Calais, and gone to pieces; most of the cargo was, however, saved.

A coroner's inquest was held on the 11th inst., on the body of a very young and unfortunate man, suffocated by sleeping on the burning-kilns, near the Hampstead-road; in company with others, as wretched as himself,

he had chosen that miserable lodging, and was killed, owing to the wind changing in the night. On the 14th, a respectable dressed man went into the Feathers, public-house, Waterloo-Bridge Road, and ordered breakfast; while it was preparing, he threw himself from the tap-room window, a height of three stories, and died on the spot. It appeared that he was a tradesman in the Strand, who had been unfortunate in business; the verdict of the Coroner's Jury was, insanity. A girl, in service with a gentleman living in the Regent's Park, having been detected in purloining some money, though her offence was forgiven, she absconded the next day, and put an end to her life. A young woman in the Curtain-road, Shoreditch, having destroyed herself by swallowing oxalic acid, her younger sister was so afflicted with grief that she was with difficulty prevented from following her example. A recent inquest was held on the body of a child, which died when three days old, in consequence of the brutal treatment which its mother had experienced from some persons who met her in Oxford-street, shortly before her delivery. The Jury returned a verdict of manslaughter. At Middlesex Sessions, on the 4th inst. Thomas George, Lord Townsend, was indicted for an assault committed on Mary Ann Thornhill, a female with whom he was returning from the Theatre, in a Hackney coach, to her lodgings. The case terminated in a compromise, and the payment of five sovereigns by the aggressor. A new built house in Gray's-inn Road, was lately attempted to be set on fire; this is one of several incendiary attacks, recently made on the property of builders in the same neighbourhood. A reward of 200 guineas has been offered for the discovery of the offenders. A young man named George Barton, was stabbed by his grandfather at Shadwell, on the 20th inst. The old man appears to have acted in self-defence, against the violence of his grandson, who had been cast off by his other relations in consequence of his profligate conduct. The wound proved immediately mortal. A man named Stowe, keeping an eating-house in Homert-sreet, Mary-le-bone, had his house broken open, and robbed of £1200, the produce of twenty-years' industry. The robbery was committed on a Sunday afternoon, when the man and his wife had unluckily taken a walk in the park, leaving no one at home to protect their property. James Woods, a boy of fifteen, son of a person living in Scotland-yard, died lately of Hydrophobia, in consequence of the bite of a mad dog in August last. At the musical festival at York, a person lost a parcel of bank-notes, to the amount of more than £700; of which sum about £273 was found a few days after, concealed in a hole in a wall, in one of the lanes in that city.

One of the most heart-rending accidents which are on record, occurred on the morning of Thursday the 20th,—The Comet, steam-boat, from Fort-william to Glasgow, and the Ayr, steam-boat, from Greenock, suddenly struck against each other, between two and three o'clock in the morning.—

The captain of the Comet was entertaining those below with light stories, while some few on deck were wiling the dreary flight of time by a dance. At once—in a moment—a horrid crash was heard,—a terrible collision had taken place—many rushed on deck, but in vain—a minute or two elapsed—the sea burst in with one dreadful swoop,—a bubble took place on the spot, and the Comet disappeared!—There were nearly ninety persons on board, of whom eleven only were miraculously rescued from a watery grave.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

THIS House was opened for the season on Saturday the 1st of this month, with the play of Faustus, when the part of Mephostophiles was performed by Mr. J. Russel, in the place of Mr. Terry. The theatre, during the recess, has been much altered and improved. The plan of the orchestra has been changed, and it now forms a semicircle, encroaching in its sweep upon the central part of five or six rows of seats in the pit. The public attention has been excited by the appearance of Mr. Booth of Drury Lane, as the successor of Mr. Kean, who has taken his leave of this country for America. Mr. Booth made his debüt in the character of Brutus, and he has since acted Richard the Third and Othello. The entertainment of Valentine and Orson, has been revived here, the scenery of which is splendid, and the music good enough to atone for the dulness of the dialogue.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

THE season commenced at this theatre on the 25th of last month, with the tragedy of Julius Cæsar. Mr. Warde, formerly of the Haymarket, personated Brutus, and his performance was the only novelty of the evening. On the 7th inst. the Honey-moon was exhibited, when Mr. Warde played the Duke, and Miss Chester, Juliana; but the chief attraction was Mrs. Chatterley, who made her appearance, for the first time, since the occurrence of some circumstances which have given to her name an unpleasant species of notoriety.—A Miss Helme has come forward as a new candidate for histrionic fame at this house. She acted Mary, in the comic opera of Charles the Second, and was favourably received.

A new melo-drama, called "Lilla," the music of which is selected and arranged by "a Military Gentleman," has just been performed. The songs are pleasing, and the scenery extremely well executed.—According to report, a new comedy intitled "Love's Victory, or the School for Pride," is preparing for exhibition at Covent-garden.—Other intended novelties are announced at both theatres.

THE
MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR NOVEMBER, 1825.

BALL DRESS.

A DRESS of white satin, elegantly ornamented at the bottom by a full wadded hem, surmounted by circles composed of silk gauze puffings, confined at regular distances by narrow satin welts, each interspersed by small roses. The sleeves are full; and drawn in folds with small satin pipings, and finished at the arm by a fall of scalloped Urling's patent lace. The *corsage* is quite plain, and simply edged round the bust by a tucker of Urling's lace and satin *rouleaux*. White satin shoes and white kid gloves.

WALKING DRESS.

A CLOSE dress of deep blue *gros de Naples*, trimmed round the border and up the right side with three bias folds, each wadded and surmounted by a very narrow cord. The sleeves are very full, and confined from the wrist to the elbow by full puffings, each confined with straps and cord: a broad collar to the throat, fastened by a bow.—Hat, of morning primrose *gros de Naples*; the border is flat, and the crown is ornamented by full bows of deep blue riband, edged with pink, and broad strings, placed under the border and left to suspend from the ear. Primrose coloured gloves, and black kid shoes.

HEAD-DRESS.—The most fashionable style of dressing the hair, is in large full curls to meet on the forehead; the braid in bows intermixed with roses and a Grecian plat; long full ringlets to fall on the left side. A handsome engraved comb finishes this head-dress.

These tasteful and appropriate dresses were invented by Miss PIERPOINT, Edward-street, Portman-square.—The elegant head-dress, by MR. COLLEY, 28, Bishopsgate-within.

Fas



Fashionable Evening & Ball Dresses for Nov. 1875

Invented by Miss Pierpoint, Edward Street, Portman Square.

Pub. Nov. 23. 1875, by Dean & Munday, Threadneedle Street.



GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

WINTER has prematurely set in, and with an inclemency unprecedented: woodcocks have made their appearance in the shrubberies near town, and every thing combines to indicate a severe season. The change in female costume since last month, has consequently been very great. Furs of all descriptions have suddenly appeared, and will, no doubt, be general throughout the winter. The newest pelisses are of *gros de Naples*, wadded, and finished at the bottom with a flounce of ermine or chinchilla: the bust is partially braided in the military style; the cuff and collar to correspond. Cloaks of *gros de Naples*, wadded, and lined with various coloured silk, are becoming very general. They are finished round the border with broad fur. The capes, collar, and arm-holes, are trimmed in the same manner.

Black velvet hats, in the Margaret de Valois style, but larger in size, are expected in a short time to be in general request. A cornette quilling of blond, is placed under the hat; and over the crown is a small *fichu* of Japanese gauze, edged with blond and white satin *rouleaux*: the ends of the *fichu* are short, and do not tie under the crown, as is generally the mode. These hats are ornamented with a plume of ostrich feathers, playing in different directions over the crown.

We have seen a charming dinner dress, worn by a lady of distinction. It is composed of purple satin. The border of the skirt is finished by three serpentine ornaments of rich looped fringe, each headed by a full *rouleau* of satin. The front of the skirt is made like a pelisse robe, and that part that forms the apparent folds, down each side, is ornamented with serpentine *rouleaux*, and fringed to correspond with the trimming round the border. This dress, which is for home costume, is made high, and the sleeves full. Geranium-coloured gauze dresses, of the Japanese kind of texture, over white satin, are much in favour for evening costume, and have a very pretty effect: a white satin *corsage* is generally worn with these dresses, with drapery across the bust, of geranium gauze, and short sleeves composed of white satin and the gauze above-mentioned. The fashionable

mode of trimming dresses consists of three very broad bias folds placed next the border of the skirt; the upper one, only headed by a very full *rouleau*; at some distance are three bias folds set on in festoons, caught up by rings of fluted satin; over the upper one of these is also a *rouleau*. Flounces prevail much, especially of blond, over gauze and crape dresses, and sometimes in those of silk for the evening. On satin dresses fringe predominates, mingled with full *rouleaux*.

A few half-dress turbans have appeared, and it is expected they will be pretty general this winter; at present, caps are all the rage; few ladies are seen without them. Dress hats are more worn for evening parties, by married ladies, than either toques or turbans. As the season advances, however, we shall, no doubt, witness many changes in female attire.

The most fashionable colours are—pink, ethereal blue, royal purple, geranium, and myrtle green.

THE PARISIAN TOILET.

The season has now arrived in which, notwithstanding our usual activity, and the great desire we have to please our fair readers, we find ourselves a little perplexed to discover anything new or varied in female costume. The summer being over, and winter not yet commenced, the imagination and the taste of our celebrated fashionables, and *Merchantes de Mode* are put in requisition, in order to prepare, in secret, the powerful charms of novelty. In the mean time, a few *on dits* have escaped from the cabinets of the toilet and the boudoir, which we hasten to publish, for the purpose of awakening the ideas of our *elegantes*, and testifying to them our constant zeal and attention in finding out whatever can add to their personal charms and graces.

On dit—that the days of Queen Berthe, Queen Blanche, Diane de Poitiers, Marie de Medicis, and Madame de Sevigné, will again re-appear in all their glory, and that every lady will be compelled to study the History of France, in order to establish,

beyond all doubt, to what age she more particularly belongs. Here is a fine opportunity for instruction!

On dit—that an unusual quantity of furring and velvet will be worn this season, but that their shape and use will assume a false gothic air, which is already announced, and so advantageously adapted in jewellery, that every age will contribute to form an *ensemble*, altogether new and piquant, by a very happy mixture of ancient and modern fashions. Head-dresses will receive the same direction; and attempts are making, at the present moment, which only want the date of the epoch fixed upon, to appear, and display, with great éclat, the talents of your *coiffeurs*. Awaiting these vast projects, we shall now indicate the fashions of the day.

Redingotes of Caroline blue *gros de Naples*, are much admired for the promenade. They are ornamented, down the front, with bows of the same material, and have a treble cape, scalloped. The cuff is finished with a vandyck of the same. With these elegant dresses are worn a hat of *gros de Naples* ornamented with blond, and a garland of pink roses. Pelisses of myrtle-green *gros de Naples*, trimmed round with ermine, or chinchilla, with cuffs and tippet to correspond, are becoming very general. The waists are confined by a belt and buckle. With these pelisses are worn hats of *gros de Naples*, of the same colour, ornamented with velvet and satin. Pelisses of morning primrose *gros de Naples*, are, also, much in request; they are ornamented with leaves of satin, up the front: a leaf of satin forms the epaulette, on a full sleeve of the same material, with a vandyck cuff. A half-standing-up collar, with a full ruff; the waist confined by a belt and buckle. Hats of black velvet have made their appearance, but we do not observe any difference in their shape. Hats, à la *Marie Stuart*, of *gros de Naples* and velvet, ornamented with flowers and feathers, are much admired. Flowers, in natural plumes of Brazil birds, will be in great estimation this winter; their high price will render them fashionable, and prevent their going out.

Dresses of blue *Barège* silk, trimmed with three rows of pinked flounces, are much admired. The body is made low, ornamented with folds of gauze, forming a stomacher. The sleeves are short and full, with a long sleeve of white gauze,

confined at the wrist with gold bracelets. With these beautiful dresses are worn hats in the Mary Stuart style, ornamented with blond and marabouts. Myrtle-green is the colour the most distinguished for dresses of *gros de Naples*. They are generally trimmed with three printed flounces, of the same material.

Dresses of pink *Barège* silk, over white satin, are also in high favour: they are ornamented at the bottom with two rows of corded leaves, and finished with a wadded satin hem. A low full body and blond tucker: long full white gauze sleeves, confined at the wrist with gold bracelets. With these are worn hats of pink crape, ornamented with pink marabouts, and a satin bow of pink, trimmed round with blond under the left side.

Blue begins to be adopted for full dress. Caroline blue, and bright blue, are the shades preferred: the latter for *Barege* or watered dresses, and the Caroline blue, for dresses of cachemire and velvet. On a number of robes of *gros de Naples*, are seen very long pelerines of the same stuff, trimmed with endive, which seem to announce mantles of fur. The colour, bird of Paradise, is decidedly in favour, even for full dress. We have remarked some dresses of *barege* gauze, and watered silk of that colour. Those of gauze and *barege* had the *corsage* in the form of a half stomacher, without any fulness on the front of the shape; the back plain and buttoned.

Not only are the fashionables disposed to wear turbans of *barege*, and Scotch cachemire gauze, but there is, at this moment, being manufactured at Lyons, stamped velvet, with broad stripes, of different colours, in order to form a material for winter hats.

Head-dresses.—Cottage caps, ornamented with blond and satin, and caps à la *Marie Stuart*, composed of tulle, ornamented with blond and flowers.

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

VERSES.

WHAT pain, upon th' extended earth,
Beneath the heavens above,
Which man can suffer, from his birth,
Can equal slighted love?
O ever gay, and ever young
Of beauteous Hebe, Homer sung,
And while I read his raptured line,
He but describes my Caroline.

And if there is a stroke of fate,
With vonom more to dread,
It has not,—no! it has not yet,
On hapless man been shed.
For long shall all my pleasures sleep,
And long, alas! have I to weep,
The day I saw those lines of thine,
O lovely, lovely, Caroline.

And what have poets said and sung,
Of beauty and of charms,
And kingdoms, that in terror rung,
With battle and with arms,
For one* whose loveliness and grace,
Must sink before the beauteous face,
Of her the lovely and divine,
The sweet, but cruel Caroline!

W. G. KING.

* Helen, queen of Sparta, whose charms were the cause of the fall of Troy, with many calamities, which are the subject of Homer's Iliad.

ERIN'S GREEN ISLE;

A DUET, FROM AN UNPUBLISHED OPERA,

By Mrs. Carey.

Author of "Lasting Impressions."

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PHELM and JANE.

PHELM. You tell me, dear girl, that, in Erin's green isle,  
To live, you will never consent;  
And, faith, when I hear you, I cannot but smile,  
Because, I'm quite sure, you'll relent.

Nay, don't shake your head,  
For you know, when we wed,  
You must vow, that from me you won't sever.  
Then, sure, o'er the sea  
When you're tripping with me,  
You'll sing, "Erin, sweet Erin, for ever!"

JANE. I'll sing, "England, sweet England, for ever!"

PHELM. Ah! sad was the day when I left the dear land,  
And to parents and friends bade adieu;  
But I told my old dad, as I grasped his hard hand,  
To my country I'd ever be true.  
Said I—"Come what will,  
Be it good, be it ill,  
Dear Erin, I'll love thee; and never  
Forget, but with life,  
With my friend or my wife,  
To sing, 'Erin, &c.'"

JANE. I'll sing, "England, &c."

PHELM. Then say not, dear girl, that my country you hate:  
For to me it must ever be dear.—  
My heart feels like lead, when I think of her fate:  
And my eyes—but I won't shed a tear.  
But, though doom'd from my home,  
By hard fortune, to roam,  
Yet, can I forget it? No, never!  
There's no spot upon earth,  
Like the land of our birth—

Then sing, "Erin, &c."

JANE. "There's no spot, &c."

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I STOOD ON THE BANKS, &c.

I stood on the banks of a bright flowing stream,  
While the sunbeams of heaven were shining  
O'er a white-bosom'd lily, whose lustre did seem  
With the spray of the billow combining.

Ah! passing again the sweet flow'ret at eve,  
Fair and bright it no longer was glowing;  
But rudely the dark wave around it did heave,  
While the storm of destruction was blowing.

Then methought, as in sadness I gaz'd on the flower,  
Such are all the sweet joys that we cherish!  
Even pleasure, when best, is the boast of an hour,  
And, alas! must as fleetingly perish!

My heart was once gay, like this flow'r of the lake,  
When its smiles with the morning were blending;  
But hope is now changed to the tempests which break,  
And o'er love and repose are descending!

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SONG OF AN ATHENIAN EXILE,

IN THE DAYS OF LYSANDER.

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Oh Athens! dear Athens! the land of my love,  
Thine image is with me, wherever I rove;  
From the bleak hills of Thrace--on the far-rolling sea,  
The heart of thine Exile turns ever to thee.

Through vales and o'er mountains dejected I roam,  
While fancy reverts to my childhood's loved home;  
When the plains of the East in their beauty I see,  
The loveliest is that which reminds me of thee.

I've gazed on the monarch of earth in his state,  
Whose servants are princes, whose menace is fate!--  
But the trappings of tyrants are chains to the free,  
And my own native Athens was dearer to me.



I've wandered where Freedom is lingering still,  
In the lone rocky isle—on the forest-crowned hill;  
Yet sad were my days, though I dwelt with the free,  
For Athens was dearer than Freedom to me.

Though the sword, with the blood of thy foemen once wet,  
Still sleeps in its scabbard, I cannot forget;—  
Yet, yet, shall it wake for the land of the free,  
And strike in the conflict, dear Athens! for thee.

To-morrow, once more shall thy banner wave high,  
We doubt not to conquer, or dread not to die;  
The Queen of proud Hellas again thou shalt be,  
Or thy children, oh Athens! shall perish with thee!

Oh, then may fell Sparta, in anguish deplore  
The blood-sprinkled trophies she vaunted before;  
And think in her fall of the wrongs of the free,  
And pay, in her ruin, a ransom for thee!

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#### FIRST ODE OF ANACREON, TRANSLATED.

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Of Atreus great I wished to sing,  
And Cadmer's great renown,  
But while I scrapt the raptured string,  
It sounded love alone.

'Twas then, of noble actions done,  
And more to sing I strove;  
But still the harp preserves its tone,  
It still sounds only love.

Henceforth, farewell! for me, I cried,  
Ye battles, lost and won,  
Where noble heroes fought, and died,  
My theme, is love alone.

W. G. KING.

## ON THE DEATH OF MY CHILD

Oh! sweet, mine Infant! art thou laid  
So soon where Death thy couch hath made,  
Where Love and Pity wail and weep,  
And requiems raise, and vigils keep!

Alas! shall that so-worshipped from,  
Though all untouched by Sorrow's storm,  
Be snatched in ruthless haste away,  
By the cold grasp of rude decay?

No more, my Babe, thy winning smiles,  
Thy prattling voice, and mimic wiles,  
Shall fond maternal transport bring,  
Or sooth a Father's sorrowing!

Oh! when my late forboding strain  
Spoke of thy bosom's lengthened pain,  
I little deemed a Father's tear,  
Would fall upon thine infant bier!

But thou wert granted lighter fate,  
Nor meant, like me, this world to hate,—  
And shall I mourn the gracious doom  
That gave thee to an early tomb?

His holy and benign command  
Recalled thee from a dreary land,  
Ere life's dark brooding tempest rose,  
To blast thee with unnumbered woes.

Oh! though bereaved and torn, my heart  
Hath found its dearest hopes depart,  
'Tis sweet to think thy sojourn brief  
Was all unmarked by kindred grief.

And, though misfortune and dismay,  
Still haunt and gloom mine onward way,  
'Twill soothe my troubled soul to know  
Thou canst not share a Father's woe.

Thy rest no mortal pang may break,  
And, but for thy lone Mother's sake,  
Oh! how this weary breast would pine,  
My darling! for a home like thine!

## OH! WEEP NOT FOR THE MIGHTY DEAD.

Oh! weep not for the mighty dead,  
 In freedom's cause who proudly fell;  
 'Twas for their native land they bled,  
 And they have graced their lineage well,  
 For who could brook, that once was free,  
 To pine in heartless slavery?

Their task is done—their toils are o'er—  
 Calmly they rest in Glory's wave;  
 Nor ye with tears their doom deplore—  
 Tears shame the relics of the brave—  
 They most our grief, our pity claim,  
 Who deign to live, when life is shame.

Then weep not for the mighty dead,  
 Who ask no tears save foemen's blood;—  
 Weep but for those who basely fled  
 (While firm the sons of Honour stood);  
 Who feared—when Freedom died—to die,  
 And clung to life with slavery!

## THE GLORY OF POETS.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;  
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung;  
 There Fancy comes, at twilight grey,  
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay;  
 And Pity does awhile repair,  
 To mourn, a weeping pilgrim, there.

## NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Emma and Miss T.'s contributions are accepted.

The Farewell,—Lines on ———, and J. B. D.'s communications, are of too local a nature for insertion.

The fair contributor of "Scenes in the East," will oblige by an early communication,

E. W. T. and Hannah, are received.

We regret that the notice of "The Peerless Peer," by Mrs. Carey, was omitted, through mistake, in our Literary Intelligence.







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